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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MAY, 1917

The Bushrangers

By Herbert E. Palmer

As I was walking down Oxford Street
Ten fierce soldiers I chanced to meet;
They wore big slouch hats with khaki sashes,
And talked like the angry guns, in flashes.

And my friend said to me, "They come from Australia;
Villainous fellows for War's regalia.
John Briton keeps a tobacconist's shed,
And twice they have held a gun at his head."

Well, I would have given all I had
To have gone with the lot of them, good or bad,
To have heard the wickedest say, "Old fellow!"
And staunched his wounds where the black guns bellow.
I would think it a merry thing to die
With such stalwart comrades standing by.

One of them had round eyes like coals—
True parson's quarry when he hunts souls.
The brawniest made my heart turn queer;
The devil in hell would have shunned his leer.
And the tallest and thinnest bore visible traces
Of his banished grandsire's vanished graces.

But all the lot of that swaggering ten
Were terrible, fine, strong soldier men,
And I fairly sobbed at the four cross-ways
As my triumphing soul sang England's praise.

O! all the Germans in Berlin town
Couldn't put those ten Australians down.

In the World (ii) *

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

CHAPTER II

GRANDFATHER met me in the yard—he was on his knees chopping a wedge with a hatchet. He raised the axe as if he were going to throw it at my head, and then took off his cap, saying mockingly:

"How do you do, your holiness? Your highness? Have you finished your term of service? Well, now you can live as you like, yes! U—ugh! *You*——"

"We know all about it, we know all about it!" said grandmother, hastily waving him away, and when she went into her room to get the samovar ready she told me:

"Grandfather is fairly ruined now; what money there was he lent at interest to his godson Nikolai, but he never got a receipt for it. I don't quite know yet how they stand, but he is ruined—the money is lost. And all this because we have not helped the poor nor had compassion on the unfortunate. God has said to Himself, 'Why should I do good to the Kashirins?' and so He has taken everything from us."

Looking round, she went on:

"I have been trying to soften the heart of the Lord towards us a little, so that He may not press too hardly on the old man, and I have begun to give a little in charity secretly at night from what I have earned. You can come with me to-day if you like—I have some money——"

Grandfather came in blinking, and asked:

"Are you going to have a snack?"

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

"It is not yours," said grandmother; "however, you can sit down with us if you like, there's enough for you."

He sat down to the table, murmuring:

"Pour out——"

Everything in the room was in its old place, only my mother's corner was sadly empty, and on the wall over grandfather's bed hung a sheet of paper on which was inscribed in large printed letters:

"Jesus save May Thy holy name be with me all the days and hours of my life!"

"Who wrote that?"

Grandfather did not reply, and grandmother, waiting a little, said with a smile:

"The price of that paper is—a hundred roubles!"

"That is not your business!" cried grandfather. "I give away everything to others!"

"It is all right to give now, but time was when you did not give," said grandmother calmly.

"Hold your tongue!" he shrieked.

This was all as it should be—just like old times.

In the corner on a box in a wicker basket Kolia woke up and looked out, his blue, washed-out eyes hardly visible under their lids. He was more grey, faded, and fragile-looking than ever; he did not recognise me, and, turning away in silence, closed his eyes. Sad news awaited me in the street: Viakhir was dead, he had breathed his last in Passion Week; Khabi had gone away to live in town; Yaz's feet had been taken off, he would walk no more.

As he was giving me this information, black-eyed Kostrom said angrily:

"Boys soon die!"

"Well, but only Viakhir is dead."

"It is the same thing: whoever leaves the streets is as good as dead. No sooner do we make friends, get used to our comrades, than they either are sent into the town to work, or they die. There are new people living in your yard at Chesnokov's—Evsyenki is their name. The boy, Niushka, is nothing out of the ordinary. He has two sisters—one still little, and the other lame; she goes about on crutches—she is beautiful!"

After thinking for a moment he added:

"Tchurka and I are both in love with her and quarrel."

"With her?"

"Why with her? Between ourselves. With her—very seldom!"

Of course I knew that big lads and even men fell in love; I was familiar also with coarse ideas on this subject. I felt uncomfortable, sorry for Kostrom, and reluctant to look at his angular figure and angry black eyes.

I saw the lame girl on the evening of the same day. Coming down the steps into the yard she let her crutch fall, and stood helplessly on the step, holding on to the balustrade with her transparent, thin, fragile hands. I tried to pick up the crutch, but my bound-up hands were not much use, and I had a lot of trouble and vexation in doing it, while she, standing above me, watched me, laughing gently:

"What have you done to your hands?"

"Scalded them."

"And I—am a cripple. Do you belong to this yard? Were you long in the hospital? I was there a lo—o—ong time!" She added with a sigh: "A very long time!"

She had a white dress and light blue overshoes—old but clean; her smoothly brushed hair fell across her breast in a thick, short plait. Her eyes were large and serious; in their quiet depths burned a blue light which lit up the pale, sharp-nosed face. She smiled pleasantly, but I did not care about her. Her sickly figure seemed to say, "Please don't touch me!" How could my friends be in love with her?

"I have been lame a long time," she told me willingly and almost boastfully. "A neighbour bewitched me—she had a quarrel with mamma, and then bewitched me out of spite. Were you frightened in the hospital?"

"Yes."

I felt awkward with her and went indoors.

About midnight grandmother awoke me tenderly.

"Are you coming? If you do something for other people your hand will soon be well."

She took my arm and led me in the dark as if I had been blind. It was a black, damp night; the wind blew continuously, making the river flow more swiftly and blowing the cold sand against my legs. Grandmother

cautiously approached the darkened windows of the poor little houses, crossed herself three times, laid a five-kopeck piece and three cracknels on the window-sills, crossed herself again, glancing up into the starless sky, and whispered:

"Holy Queen of heaven, help these people. We are all sinners in thy sight, Mother dear!"

The farther we went from home the more dense and intense the darkness and silence became. The night sky was pitch black, unfathomable, as if the moon and stars had disappeared for ever. A dog sprang out from somewhere and growled at us; his eyes gleamed in the darkness, and I cravenly pressed close to grandmother.

"It is all right," she said; "it is only a dog; it is too late for the devil, the cocks have already begun to crow."

Enticing the dog to her, she stroked it and admonished it:

"Look here, doggie, you must not frighten my grandson."

The dog rubbed itself against my legs, and the three of us went on. Twelve times did grandmother place "secret alms" on a window-sill; it began to grow light, grey houses appeared out of the darkness; the belfry of Napolni Church rose up white like a piece of sugar; the brick wall of the cemetery seemed to become transparent.

"The old woman is tired," said grandmother; "it is time we went home. When the women wake up they will find that Our Lady has provided a little for their children. When there is never enough a very little comes in useful. Oh, Olesha, our people live so poorly and no one troubles about them.

"The rich man about God never thinks,
Of the terrible judgment he does not dream,
The poor man is to him neither friend nor brother,
All he cares about is getting gold together,
But—that gold will be coal in hell."

"That's how it is! But we ought to live for one another, while God is for us all! I am glad to have you with me again."

And I, too, was calmly happy, feeling in a confused way that I had taken part in something which I should never forget. Close to me shivered the brown dog with

its bare muzzle and kind eyes which seemed to be begging forgiveness.

"Will it live with us?"

"What? It can if it likes. Here, I will give it a cracknel. I have two left. Let us sit down on this bench. I am so tired."

We sat down on a bench by a gate, and the dog lay at our feet eating the dry cracknel, while grandmother informed me:

"There's a Jewess living here; she has about ten servants, more or less. I asked her, 'Do you live by the law of Moses?' But she answered, 'I live as if God were with me and mine; how else should I live?'"

I leaned against the warm body of grandmother and fell asleep.

. . . . . .

Once more my life flowed on swiftly and full of interest, with a broad stream of impressions bringing something new to my soul every day, stirring it to enthusiasm, or disturbing it, or causing me pain, but, at any rate, forcing me to think. Before long I also was using every means in my power to meet the lame girl, and I would sit with her on the bench by the gate, either talking or in silence—it was pleasant to be silent in her company. She was very neat, and had a voice like a singing bird, and she used to tell me prettily of the way the Cossacks lived on the Don, where she had lived with her uncle, who was employed in some oil-works. Then her father, a locksmith, had gone to live at Nijni. And I have another uncle who serves close to the Tsar himself.

In the evenings of Sundays and festivals all the inhabitants of the street used to stand "at the gate," the boys and girls went to the cemetery, the men went to the taverns, and the woman and children remained in the street. The women sat at the gate on the sand or on a small bench.

The children used to play at a sort of tennis, at skittles, and at "Sharmazl"; the mothers watched the games, encouraging the skilful ones and laughing at the bad players. It was deafeningly noisy and gay. The presence and attention of the "grown-ups" stimulated us, the merest

trifles brought into our games extra animation and passionate rivalry. But it seemed that we three—Kostrom, Tchurka, and I—were not so taken up with the game that we had not time, one or the other of us, to run and show off before the lame girl.

"Ludmilla, did you see that I knocked down five of the ninepins in that game of skittles?"

She would smile sweetly, tossing her head.

In old times our little company had always tried to be on the same side in games, but now I saw that Kostrom and Tchurka used to take opposite sides, trying to rival each other in all kinds of trials of skill and strength, often aggravating each other to tears and fights. One day they fought so fiercely that the adults had to interfere, and they had to pour water over the combatants as if they were dogs. Ludmilla, sitting on a bench, stamped her sound foot on the ground, and when the fighters rolled towards her she pushed them away with her crutch, crying in a voice of fear:

"Leave off!"

Her face was white, almost livid, her eyes blazed and rolled like a person possessed with a devil.

Another time Kostrom, shamefully beaten by Tchurka in a game of skittles, hid himself behind a chest of oats in the grocer's shop, and crouched there, weeping silently—it was almost terrible to see him: his teeth were tightly clenched, his cheek-bones stood out, his bony face looked as if it had been turned to stone, and from his black, surly eyes flowed large, round tears. When I tried to console him he whispered, choking back his tears:

"You wait! I'll throw a brick at his head—you see!"

Tchurka had become conceited; he walked in the middle of the street as marriageable youths walk, with his cap on one side and his hands in his pocket; he had taught himself to spit through his teeth like a fine bold fellow, and he promised:

"I shall learn to smoke soon. I have already tried twice, but I was sick."

All this was displeasing to me. I saw that I was losing my friends, and it seemed to me that the person to blame was Ludmilla. One evening, when I was in the yard going over the collection of bones and rags and all

kinds of rubbish, she came to me, swaying from side to side and waving her right hand.

"How do you do?" she said, bowing her head three times. "Has Kostrom been with you? And Tchurka?"

"Tchurka is not friends with us now. It is all your fault. They are both in love with you and they have quarrelled."

She blushed, but answered mockingly:

"What next! How is it my fault?"

"Why do you make them fall in love with you?"

"I did not ask them to!" she said crossly, and as she went away she added: "It is all nonsense! I am older than they are—I am fourteen. People do not fall in love with big girls."

"A lot you know!" I cried, wishing to hurt her. "What about the shopkeeper, Xlistov's sister? She is quite old, and still she has the boys after her."

Ludmilla turned to me, sticking her crutch deep into the sand of the yard.

"You don't know anything yourself!" she said quickly, with tears in her voice and her pretty eyes flashing finely. "That shopkeeper is a bad woman, and I—what am I? I am still a little girl; I am not to be touched, and—but you ought to read that novel, 'Kamchadalka,' the second part, and then you would have something to talk about!"

She went away sobbing. I felt sorry for her. In her words was the ring of a truth of which I was ignorant. Why had she embroiled my comrades? But they were in love—what else was to say?

The next day, wishing to smooth over my difference with Ludmilla, I bought some barley sugar, her favourite sweet as I knew well.

"Would you like some?"

She said fiercely:

"Go away, I am not friends with you!" But presently she took the barley sugar, observing: "You might have had it wrapped up in paper—your hands are so dirty!"

"I have washed them, but it won't come off."

She took my hand in her dry, hot hand and looked at it.

"How you have spoiled it."

"Well, but yours are roughened."

"That is done by my needle. I do a lot of sewing."

After a few minutes she suggested, looking round: "I say, let's hide ourselves somewhere and read 'Kamchadalka.' Would you like it?"

We were a long time finding a place to hide in; every place seemed uncomfortable. At length we decided that the best place was the washhouse. It was dark there, but we could sit at the window which overlooked a dirty corner between the shed and the neighbouring slaughter-house. People hardly ever looked that way. And there she used to sit sideways to the window, with her bad foot on a stool and the sound one resting on the floor, and, hiding her face with the torn book, nervously pronounced many unintelligible and dull words. But I was stirred. Sitting on the floor I could see how the grave eyes with the two pale blue flames moved across the pages of the book; sometimes they were filled with tears, and the girl's voice trembled as she quickly uttered the unfamiliar words, running them into one another unintelligibly. However, I grasped some of these words and tried to make them into verse, turning them about in all sorts of ways, which eventually prevented me from understanding what the book said.

On my knees slumbered the dog which I had named "Wind," because it was rough and long, swift in running, and howled like the autumn wind down the chimney.

"Are you listening?" the girl would ask. I nodded my head silently.

The mixing up of the words excited me more and more, and in my desire to arrange them as they would sound in a song, in which each word lives and shines like a star in the sky, became more insistent. When it grew dark Ludmilla would let her pale hand fall on the book and ask:

"Isn't it good? You will see."

After the first evening we often sat in the washhouse. Ludmilla, to my joy, soon gave up reading "Kamchadalka." I could not answer her questions about what she had read from that endless book—endless, there was a third book after the second part which we had begun to read, and the girl said that there was a fourth. What we liked best was a rainy day, unless it fell on a Saturday when the bath was heated. The rain drenched the yard. No one came out there nor looked at us in our dark

corner. Ludmilla was in great fear that they would discover us.

"You know what they will think then?" she asked softly.

I knew and was also afraid that we should be "discovered." We used to sit for hours at a time, talking about one thing and another—sometimes I told her some of grandmother's tales, and Ludmilla told me about the lives of the Kazzakas, on the River Medvyedietz.

"How lovely it was there!" she would sigh. "Here—what is it?—only beggars live here."

Soon we had no need to go to the washhouse. Ludmilla's mother found work with a fur-dresser, and left the house first thing in the morning; her sister was at school, her brother worked at a tile factory. On wet days I went to the girl and helped her to cook and clean the sitting-room and kitchen. She said laughingly:

"We live together just like a husband and wife, only we sleep apart. In fact, we live better—a husband does not help his wife."

If I had money I bought some cakes and we had tea, afterwards cooling the samovar with cold water lest the scolding mother of Ludmilla should guess that it had been heated. Sometimes grandmother came to see us, and sat down making lace or sewing, telling us wonderful stories, and when grandfather went to the town Ludmilla used to come to us, and we feasted without a care in the world.

Grandmother said:

"Oh, how happily we live! With our own money—we can do what we like!"

She encouraged our friendship.

"It is a good thing when a boy and girl are friends! Only there must be no tricks," and she explained in the simplest words what she meant by "tricks." She spoke beautifully, as one inspired, and made me understand thoroughly that it is wrong to pluck the flower before it opens, for then it will have neither fragrance nor fruit.

We had no inclination to "tricks," but that did not hinder Ludmilla and me from speaking of that on which one is supposed to be silent. Such subjects of conversation were in a way forced upon us because the relations of the sexes were so often and tiresomely brought

to our notice in their coarsest form, and were very offensive to us.

Ludmilla's father was a handsome man of forty years, curly-headed and whiskered, and had an extremely masterful way of moving his eyebrows. He was strangely silent —I do not remember one word uttered by him. When he caressed his children he uttered unintelligible sounds like a dumb person, and even when he beat his wife he did it in silence.

On the evenings of Sundays and festivals, attired in a light blue skirt, with wide plush trousers and highly polished boots, he would go out to the gate with a harmonica slung with straps behind his back, and stand there exactly like a soldier doing sentry duty. Presently a sort of "promenade" would begin past our gate—one after the other girls and women would pass, glancing at Evsyenko furtively from under their eyelashes or quite openly with greedy eyes, while he stood sticking out his lower lip, and also looking with discriminating glances from his dark eyes. There was something repugnantly doglike in this silent conversation with the eyes alone, and from the slow, rapt movement of the women as they passed it seemed as if the chosen one, at an imperious flicker of the man's eyelid, would humbly sink to the dirty ground as if she were killed.

"Tipsy brute! Brazen face!" grumbled Ludmilla's mother. She was a tall, thin woman with a long face with a bad complexion, and hair which had been cut short after typhus. She was like a worn-out broom.

Ludmilla sat beside her, unsuccessfully trying to turn her attention from the street by asking questions about one thing and another.

"Stop it, you monster!" muttered the mother, blinking restlessly. Her narrow, Mongol eyes were strangely bright and immovable—always fixed on something and always stationary.

"Don't be angry, Mamochka, it doesn't matter," Ludmilla would say. "Just look how the mat-maker's widow is dressed up!"

"I should be able to dress better if it were not for you three. You have eaten me up, devoured me," said the mother pitilessly through her tears, fixing her eyes on the large, broad figure of the mat-maker's widow.

She was like a small house; her chest stuck like the roof; her red face, half-hidden by the green handkerchief which was tied round it, was like a dormer window when the sun is reflected on it. Evsyenko, drawing his harmonica on to his chest, began to play. The harmonica played many tunes, and the sounds travelled a long way, and the children came from all the streets round and fell in the sand at the feet of the performer, trembling with ecstasy.

"You wait, I'll give you something!" the woman promised her husband.

He looked at her askance without speaking. And the horner's widow sat not far off on the Xlistov's bench, listening intently.

In the field behind the cemetery the sunset was red. In the street, as on a river, floated brightly-clothed great pieces of flesh; the children rushed along like a whirlwind, the warm air was caressing and intoxicating. A pungent odour rose from the sand which had been made hot by the sun in the day, and peculiarly noticeable was a fat, sweet smell from the slaughter-house—the smell of blood; and from the yard where the fur-dresser lived came the salt and bitter odour of tanning. The women's chatter, the drunken roar of the men, the bell-like voices of the children, the bass melody of the harmonica—all mingled together in one deep rumble; the earth that is ever creating gave a mighty sigh. All was coarse and naked, but it instilled a great, a deep faith in that gloomy life, so shamelessly animal. And at times above the noise certain painful, never-to-be-forgotten words went straight to one's heart:

"It is not right for you all to set upon one together—you must take turns." "Who pities us when we do not pity ourselves?" "Did God bring women into the world to deride them?"

The night drew near, the air became fresher, the sounds became more subdued, the wooden houses seemed to swell and grow taller, clothing themselves with shadows. The children were dragged away from the yard to bed; some of them were already asleep by the fence or at the feet or on the knees of their mothers. Most of the children grew quieter and more docile with the night. Evsyenko

disappeared unnoticed, he seemed to have melted away; the mat-maker's widow was also missing; the bass notes of the harmonica could be heard somewhere in the distance beyond the cemetery. Ludmilla's mother sat on a bench doubled up, with her back stuck out like a cat. My grandmother had gone out to take tea with a neighbour—a midwife—a great fat woman with a nose like a duck's, and a gold medal "for saving the ruined" on her flat, masculine-looking chest. The whole street feared her, regarding her as a witch, and it was related of her that she had carried out of the flames when a fire broke out the three children of a certain colonel and his sick wife. There was a friendship between grandmother and her; when they met in the street they used to smile at each other from a long way off, as if they had seen something specially pleasant.

Kostrom, Ludmilla, and I sat on the bench at the gate; Tchurka had called upon Ludmilla's brother to wrestle with him; locked in each other's arms they trampled down the sand and became angry.

"Leave off!" cried Ludmilla timorously.

Looking at her sideways out of his black eyes, Kostrom told a story about the hunter Kalinin, a grey-haired old man with cunning eyes, a man of evil fame, known to all the village. He had not long been dead, but they had not buried him in the earth in the graveyard, but had placed his coffin above ground away from the other graves. The coffin was black, on tall trestles; on the lid were drawn in white paint a cross, a spear, a reed, and two bones. Each night as soon as it grew dark the old man rose from his coffin and walked about the cemetery looking for something till the first cock crowed.

"Don't talk about such dreadful things!" begged Ludmilla.

"Nonsense!" cried Tchurka, breaking away from her brother. "What are you telling lies for? I saw them bury the coffin myself, and the one above ground is simply a monument. As to a dead man walking about, the drunken blacksmith set that idea afloat."

Kostrom, without looking at him, suggested:

"Go and sleep in the cemetery, then you will see!"

They began to quarrel, and Ludmilla, shaking her head sadly, asked:

"Mamochka, do dead people walk about at night?"

"They do," answered her mother, as if the question had called her back from a distance.

The son of the shopkeeper, Valek, a tall, stout, red-faced youth of twenty, came to us, and, hearing what we were disputing about, he said:

"I will give three greven and ten cigarettes to which-ever of you three will sleep till daylight on the coffin, and I will pull the ears of the one who is afraid—as long as he likes—well?"

We were all silent, confused, and Ludmilla's mother said:

"What nonsense! What do you mean by putting the children up to such nonsense?"

"You hand over a rouble and I will go," announced Tchurka gruffly.

Kostrom at once asked spitefully:

"But for two grevens—you would be afraid?" And he said to Valek: "Give him the rouble—but he won't go, he is only making believe."

"Well, take the rouble!"

Tchurka rose, and without saying a word, and without hurrying, went away, keeping close to the fence. Kostrom, putting his fingers in his mouth, whistled piercingly after him, but Ludmilla said uneasily:

"Oh, Lord, what a braggart he is! I never did!"

"Where are you going, coward?" jeered Valek. "And you call yourself the first fighter in the street!"

It was offensive to listen to his jeers; we did not like this overfed youth—he was always putting up little boys to do wrong, told them filthy stories of girls and women, and taught them to tease them. The children did what he told them, and suffered dearly for it. For some reason or other he hated my dog, and used to throw stones at it, and one day gave it some bread with a needle in it. But more offensive still it was to see Tchurka going away, shrinking and ashamed.

I said to Valek:

"Give me the rouble, I will go."

Mocking me and trying to frighten me, he gave the rouble to Ludmilla's mother, who would not take it, and sternly said:

"I don't want it, and I won't have it!" And she went out angrily.

Ludmilla also could not make up her mind to take the money, and this make Valek jeer the more. I was going without obtaining the money when grandmother came along, and, being told all about it, took the rouble and said to me softly:

"Put on your overcoat and take a blanket with you, for it grows cold towards morning."

Her words raised my hopes that nothing terrible would happen to me.

Valek laid it down as a condition that I should either lie or sit on the coffin until it was light, not leaving it whatever happened, even if the coffin shook when the old man Kalinin began to climb out of the tomb. If I jumped to the ground I had lost.

"And remember," said Valek, "that I shall be watching you all the night."

When I set out for the cemetery grandmother made the sign of the Cross over me, and kissed me.

"If you should see a glimpse of anything, don't move, but just say 'Hail, Holy Virgin.'"

I went along quickly, my one desire being to begin and finish the whole thing. Valek, Kostrom, and another youth escorted me thither. As I was getting over the brick wall I got mixed up in the blanket, and fell down and was up in the same moment as if the earth had rejected me. There was a chuckle from the other side of the wall. My heart contracted; a cold chill ran down my back.

I went stumblingly on to the black coffin, against one side of which the sand had drifted, while on the other side could be seen the short, thick legs; it looked as if someone had tried to lift it up and had only succeeded in making it totter. I sat on the edge of the coffin and looked round. The hilly cemetery was simply packed with grey crosses; quivering shadows fell upon the graves.

Here and there, scattered amongst the graves, slender willows stood up, uniting adjoining graves with their branches. Through the lace-work of their shadows blades of grass stuck up.

The church rose up in the sky like a snowdrift, and in the motionless clouds shone the small setting moon.

The father of Yaz, "the good-for-nothing peasant," was lazily ringing his bell in his lodge, and each time, as he pulled the string, it caught in the iron plate of the roof and squeaked pitifully, after which could be heard the metallic clang of the little bell—it sounded sharp and sorrowful.

"God give us rest!" I remembered the saying of the watchman. It was very painful, and somehow it was suffocating. I was perspiring freely although the night was cool. Should I have time to run into the watchman's lodge if old Kalinin really did try to creep out of his grave?

I was well acquainted with the cemetery. I had played amongst the graves many times with Yaz and other comrades. Over there by the church my mother was buried.

Everyone was not asleep yet, for snatches of laughter and fragments of songs were borne to me from the village. Either on the railway embankment to which they were carrying sand, or in the village of Katizovka a harmonica gave forth a strangled sound; along the wall, as usual, went the drunken blacksmith, Myachov, singing—I recognised him by his song:

"To our mother's door
One small sin we lay,
The only one she loves
Is our Papasha."

It was pleasant to listen to the last signs of life, but at each stroke of the bell it became quieter, and the quietness overflowed like a river over a meadow, drowning and hiding everything. One's soul seemed to float in boundless and unfathomable space, and to be extinguished like the light of a match in the darkness, becoming dissolved without leaving a trace in that ocean of space in which live only the unattainable stars, shining brightly, while everything on earth disappears as being useless and dead. Wrapping myself in the blanket, I sat on the coffin with my feet tucked under me and my face to the church, and whenever I moved the coffin squeaked and the sand under it crunched.

Something struck the ground twice close to me, and then a piece of brick fell close to me. I was frightened, but then I guessed that Valek and his friends were throwing

things at me from the other side of the wall, trying to scare me. But I felt all the better for the proximity of human creatures.

I began to think of my mother unwillingly. Once she had found me trying to smoke a cigarette and she began to beat me, but I said:

"Don't touch me; I feel bad enough without that. I feel very sick."

Afterwards, when I was put behind the stove as a punishment, she said to grandmother:

"That boy has no feeling; he doesn't love anyone."

It hurt me to hear that. When my mother punished me I was sorry for her, I felt uncomfortable for her sake, because she seldom punished me deservedly or justly. On the whole, I had received a great deal of ill-treatment in my life. Those people on the other side of the fence, for example, they must know that I was frightened of being alone in the cemetery, yet they wanted to frighten me more. Why?

I should like to have shouted to them, "Go to the devil!" but that might have been disastrous. Who knew what the devil would think of it, for no doubt he was somewhere near. There was a lot of mica in the sand, and it gleamed faintly in the moonlight, which reminded me how, lying one day on a raft on the Oka, gazing into the water, suddenly a bream swam almost in my face, turned on its side looking like a human cheek, and, looking at me with its round, bird-like eyes, dived to the bottom, fluttering like a leaf falling from a maple tree.

My memory worked with increasing effort, recalling different episodes of my life as if it were striving to protect itself against the imaginations evoked by terror.

A hedgehog came rolling along, tapping on the sand with its strong paws—it reminded me of a hobgoblin, it was just as little and as dishevelled-looking.

I remembered how grandmother, squatting down beside the stove, said: "Kind master of the house, take away the beetles."

Far away over the town which I could not see it grew lighter; the cold morning air blew against my cheeks and into my eyes. I wrapped myself in my blanket—let come what would!

Grandmother awoke me; standing beside me and pulling off the blanket, she said:

"Get up! Aren't you chilled? Well, were you frightened?"

"I was frightened, but don't tell anyone—don't tell the other boys!"

"But why not?" she asked in amazement. "If you were not afraid you have nothing to be proud about."

As we went home she said to me gently:

"You have to experience things for yourself in this world, dear heart. If you can't teach yourself, no one else can teach you."

By the evening I was the "hero" of the street, and everyone asked me, "Is it possible that you were not afraid?" And when I answered "I was afraid!" they shook their heads and exclaimed, "Aha! You see!"

The shopkeeper went about saying loudly:

"It may be that they talked nonsense when they said that Kalinin walked. But if he did, do you think he would have frightened that boy? No, he would have driven him out of the cemetery, and no one would know where he went."

Ludmilla looked at me with tender astonishment; even grandfather was obviously pleased with me; they all made much of me. Only Tchurka said gruffly:

"It was easy enough for him—his grandmother is a witch!"

(To be continued.)

Words and the Poet

By Edgar Jepson

An Address delivered to the Poets' Club, December, 1916.

In all psychology there are few things so interesting, and certainly nothing so important, as the working of the spirit of the poet. A poem is the finest achievement of the human spirit, the manner of its coming into being the most important theme of which the science of the spirit can treat.

The appreciation of poetry is the most personal thing in the world; and it is for ever changing. It changes not only with each generation of men; but it changes perpetually in each man. The poems which move deeply a lover of poetry in his youth rarely move him as deeply in later life. It is likely that in the end only the finest poetry will move him at all, if, that is, his spirit has undergone its due training and purification in the ordeal of his life.

Doubtless there are many lovers of poetry who will be deeply moved at sixty by the poem which moved them deeply at sixteen. But these are lovers of poetry of the average, men of the ruck; and with the ruck great poetry has nothing to do. Great poetry is not even for the few. It is for the very few.

But for my own part—and in this matter I speak only for myself—I shall all my life long demand that whatever idea the poet is expressing, he shall find for it its fullest musical expression, that he shall give me the most beautiful music of words. All my life long I shall enjoy a few poems of Catullus more than all the Aeneid.

For me the idea expressed by the poet is really of less importance than the music of its expression. I do not mean at all that verses in which a trivial idea was most musically expressed would have any importance for me. They would not move me. A poet does not express trivial ideas. If he did, he would not be a poet. But I do not hesitate to assert that if a noble idea fails to obtain its full musical expression, it had better have been expressed in prose. Indeed, it loses force if its poetical expression is not wholly admirable, from the effect of pretentiousness produced by the unsuccessful attempt to express it in poetical form.

The eternal opposition is not between the lovers of

Mrs. Wilcox Post and the lovers of Keats; it is between the lovers of Keats and the lovers of Shelley; between those who demand that a poet should all the while be busied with beauty and those who demand that he should chiefly be busied with ideas; between those who hold that he is a seer because he is a poet, and those who hold that he is a poet because he is a seer. Between these there is an infrangible barrier; and like all the truly infrangible barriers, it is wrought of bars finer than gossamer.

The failure to find the full musical expression of their ideas spoils utterly for me some of the most highly esteemed poets of recent years. They leave me quite cold. And I have a strong feeling that their failure is their own fault. Either in an access of modernitis, seeking at any cost to be new, and, fearing lest the accusation should be brought against their music that it is an echo of the music of dead poets, they have shrunk with such abhorrence, or such timidity, from fine melody that they have fallen to the opposite fault and gotten their music thin, or even discordant.

For example, in all the work of Walter De La Mare, Francis Thompson, and John Masefield I believe that nothing moves me but De La Mare's poem, "The Listener." But then its music is not thin. The idea is uncommonly subtil and delicate; and it finds expression in a subtil and delicate music. In the other two it may be merely a failure of poetic genius. Indeed, Francis Thompson somewhere bewails the fact that his Muse was a sullen mistress. But I have a feeling that it is not wholly a failure of poetic genius, but that they have deliberately refrained from the full musical expression of their ideas; that they are, in truth, akin to those modern musicians who strive with so strenuous a cleverness to produce music without melody.

It is all a part of that queer malady, "Modernitis," with its queer striving to produce something new. Of course, every great poet has produced something new. Genius always does produce something new, whatever its sphere, thought, beauty, or action. Newness is a very hall-mark of genius. But that newness is never the result of a deliberate attempt to produce something new. In Poetry and Art it is the result of striving for beauty. Beauty

attained is always a new thing. Indeed, the moment you set out to produce something new you confess yourself second-rate.

On the other hand, there are few men more tiresome than the verse-writer—he is never a poet—who expresses his ideas in other men's music; and it is the ordinance of heaven that his ideas shall be as original as the music he steals. It may be that the music of Swinburne is as the music of Gounod; but when another man expresses his ideas in Swinburne's music, *his* music is as the music of Herman Finck. Yet it is little less tiresome to have no music at all.

Now, do not suppose that I demand a luscious music. There is more than one poem of Baudelaire or of Villon for which I would cheerfully give all the orotundities of Victor Hugo. And for the lines:

> "I am a part of all that I have met;
> Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
> Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move,"

I would cheerfully give all "The Idylls of the King."

There an eternal idea finds its full musical expression; and the music is quiet.

Neither again do I always demand the great idea, nor even the very clear idea. I get my fill of emotion—and after all it is the function of poetry to move me—from lines in which the idea is almost mystical, from such a stanza as:

> "And through the hours of night the jewelled foam
> Torn by the winds from the adventurous seas,
> Flies back before my galleons driving home
> To heap their treasure on the magic quays.
> I may not sleep till high upon their spars
> I see the pale hand of the morning gleam,
> I need not sleep for love has won the stars
> To make the world my dream."

And that brings me to the root of the matter to the magic and mystery of words.

We have lived in a stupid and ignorant age besotted by the ideals of all the dirty tradesmen, an age which has forgotten—if, indeed, it ever knew—that words are magical things: that there is a lost word which, could a man but find it, would make him master of the stars in their courses and controller of the sun. In this magic of words the poet must be an adept.

In the Dark Ages it was believed that Virgil was a great enchanter; and that legend held the truth. It is not enough for the poet to delight and teach us; he must also be an enchanter and enchant us—opening for us the path to ecstasy. And how rarely does he rise to that height!

I remember once a writer of verse telling me at the end of dinner with gentle satisfaction that he must now be going home, for he proposed to write six hundred lines of poetry that evening. Six hundred lines of poetry in an evening! None of the great poets has written six hundred lines of poetry in six years. I doubt that I could find six hundred lines of poetry in the Odyssey. Some of the greatest poets have produced a hundred lines of verse for every line of poetry they wrote. I sometimes wonder if any great poet ever wrote thirty consecutive lines of poetry. How then does a poet become an adept in the magic of words and rise, himself enchanted, to the heights of enchanting others?

I believe that the chief fact in his development is that he lives very much with words. Indeed he lives far more with words than with ideas. He is for ever considering words, brooding upon them, enjoying them, appraising them, accepting them, rejecting them. It is only natural that after a while his underself should become a surging sea of words, striving to burst up through the barrier into his consciousness. Often, I suspect, they are battling with one another, the poor and ugly words hindering and forcing back the beautiful words, to the infinite distress of the poet, for that battle between words is the main part of his travail. Sometimes the right words, the beautiful words, gain the victory and flow up into his consciousness. Then, himself enchanted by them, he rises to the height of enchanting others, and opens for them the path to ecstasy.

For the aim of all enchantment is ecstasy, that standing outside oneself in a freedom, always too brief a freedom, from the prison of the flesh.

Of all the means of producing ecstasy, the true ecstasy —I account the ecstasies induced by wine or drugs spurious ecstasies—man has found words the most potent. The enchanter enchanted himself and his disciples by the sound of words, by sonorous incantations prolonged. They were a chief part of the processes of magic. The Roman

Church, wisest of the churches, induces the religious ecstasy by the sound of words, literally by the *sound* of words chanted or muttered in a forgotten tongue. And she reinforces that sound with music and incense, even as the enchanter reinforced his incantations with the scent of burning herbs, sweet or pungent. The Oriental saint induces his religious ecstasy by gazing at his navel and murmuring the word "Om" till the bonds of the flesh fall from him. The poet uses words in the same manner as the enchanter and the religious to induce ecstasy in himself and set the feet of others on the path to it.

Words then are magical things; and I have more than a suspicion that it is not the poet who is the master of words but words who are the masters of the poet. The poet does not make his poems nearly so much as his poems make themselves. He begins with the idea doubtless. Where does it come from? Assuredly not from his conscious intelligence. Then come the words; and they build up and beautify the idea almost out of its original semblance. For words so beautiful that they have lingered on the tongues of the generations have acquired exquisite significances and illuminating connotations. They have become powers drawing to themselves other beautiful words, growing together into poems. The spirit of the poet is their vehicle; his brain may join the flats; but no straining effort of his conscious intelligence built the structure. It came from his underself.

Consider in this matter the amazing significance of "Kubla Khan." It is one of the finest achievements of Coleridge; and he did not write it. He wrote it down. If anything ever came out of a man's underself, that did. His conscious intelligence was in abeyance during its coming to birth.

I believe that that happens in the case of all poetry. I believe that often the poet writes verse as a preparation, writing on and on to tune his spirit as it were. Then the moment comes; he yields himself almost passively to the magic words whose flow this preparation has made easier; and the poem rises like the towers of Ilion. He is no more than the vehicle; and the true poetic frenzy is uncommonly like a trance.

Chekoff and Modern Russia

By Hamilton Fyfe.

I HAD heard so much in praise of Chekoff that as soon as I could read Russian I promised myself much pleasure and profit from his plays. Only one or two had been at that time translated into English. In any case, translations seldom admit one to intimacy with a foreign author. We may use them to scrape up a bowing acquaintance, but thought and style together can only be justly estimated from their original form.

Chekoff did not leave a large bulk of plays. His stories fill many volumes, but five long pieces and some half-dozen trivial, amusing short ones, mostly broad farce, were all that he wrote for the stage. I read the five plays, and re-read them, I talked them over with friends, I glanced through them again; and the conclusion I came to was that Chekoff has been praised in England vastly beyond his deserts.

There are two reasons for this. One is that until lately very few people outside Russia knew Russian, and those of them who became acquainted with Russian literature were inclined to over-praise what they found in it, just as a traveller who has been in some far country cries up its scenery and products, partly to make others envious, partly to convince himself that his journey was worth while.

I am quite unable to gulp down Chekoff as a great dramatist, *pàce* Mr. Maurice Baring and Mr. Stephen Graham. (See a recent article by a Moscow correspondent of *The Times*.) Each of these writers has done useful work in helping to bring to the minds of their homekeeping countrymen some knowledge of Russian manners and character. Mr. Baring seems now to have turned to other fields. Mr. Graham might continue his usefulness if he would keep to the descriptive, which he does with a great

deal of picturesque force and charm, instead of making excursions into politics, criticism, and religion. These excursions have subjected him to much ridicule and made him very unpopular in Russia, besides decreasing, I fancy, the attractiveness of his books for readers in England. He has wandered all too clearly out of his depth. His flounderings and splashings are comic to those who know, bewildering to those who do not.

Mr. Baring has a mind of very different texture. He is a critic by temperament. His opinions are always worth listening to. I fancy, however, that Chekoff as dramatist was with him a passing mood. He wrote a play or two in the same manner himself. I recollect seeing one called, I think, "The Gray Stocking." It was acted on a wet afternoon, so I did not feel any active resentment. It was highly praised at the time, since it accorded with a passing fashion. Its development was studiously banal, and the characters did nothing at all.

This brings us to the second reason why Chekoff has in England been overpraised as a dramatist. He was "discovered" at a period when discontent was felt with plays on account of their "not being like life." Chekoff's plays were hailed as masterpieces because his aim was to make each one a "slice of reality," not a deliberate composition with a beginning, and a middle, and an end, but a series of scenes taken from the existences of commonplace men and women, over whose heads the years passed in a colourless, uneventful flow.

In Chekoff this desire was due, I think, to the absence from his temperament of any strong dramatic instinct, and from his mind, of dramatic vision. In England the reaction against "drama" was deliberate. Unfortunately, its only effect was to make our stage more "stagey." The "like life" plays which got themselves acted were so entirely lacking in the quality of entertainment that playgoers fled back in disgust to the older fashion. Theatrical purveyors saw there was a fresh opening for melodrama and rejoiced; melodrama is easier to find than pieces of more subtle quality. Plays become less instead of more interesting. The reaction left the standard of the English and American theatre lower than it was before.

Not even in Russia has the "slice of reality" play gained

any lasting popularity (I say "even," because in Russia the dramatic sense is weakly developed). It is doubtful whether Chekoff would have made any mark as a dramatist if he had not been taken up by the founders of the Moscow Art Theatre. Nemirovitch-Danchenko, playwright, producer, director, admired his work. He infected the actor Stanislavski with his enthusiasm. Chekoff was already famous as the author of short tales and studies in which the numberless types of Russian life at the end of the 19th century were sketched swiftly and lightly, with inimitable skill. He now had the luck to find welcome for his plays in a theatre which for artistry and ingenuity of "production" was easily the foremost in the world.

The effect which the productions of the Moscow Art Theatre still produce is like that of the playing of a well-nigh perfect orchestra. Smooth, soothing harmony is their chief characteristic. Looking back upon them, I seldom recall any special passages. No scenes, no individual performances stand out from among the rest. One remembers not this or that feature, but the whole. This is the result of continuous effort and attention to detail. Plays are rehearsed for three months. The players begin by reading them over many times. Day by day they sit round a table discussing the emotions which they are required to feel. Then they begin to act their parts. From time to time, "in order to cure tricks" (so the system was explained to me), they go back to the table to read and discuss again.

The scenery is prepared with the same patient care. In a piece I saw two seasons ago, called *Autumn Violins*, a poor thing, but raised to the dignity of a sonata by the manner of its presentation, the first and last acts passed in the same room, but at different times of the year. The Art Theatre did not use the same "set" for summer and for winter. The whole scene was painted twice over, so as to represent accurately the effect of warm sunshine and the white glare of snow. I noticed one very small, but illuminating, point. The shadows of a clock and of old Dutch plates which hung on the wall were altered so as to fit in with the position of the sun. That was typical of the Art Theatre's conscientious method.

Such a method of production suits the kind of drama in which Chekoff experimented, the drama which flows on with

the placid surface of a stream o' the plain, instead of being broken up, as mountain torrents are, by freshets and rapids, with stirring passages of impetuous and passionate movement. The more tense the dramatic material, the less room for "production." If the characters fascinate, the scenery is little noticed. "Four boards and a passion" leave out the producer altogether, whereas upon a piece deficient in vitality he can exercise his talent to the full. He can supply by a multiplicity of skilful touches that appearance of life which the author, unaided, could not impart.

When one sees a Chekoff play acted at the Moscow Art Theatre, one listens with attention, one follows a series of everyday events and discussions with pleasure. If afterwards one tries to recollect what caused the pleasure, one discovers it to be the minute details by which the languid interest of the piece has been laboriously shored up. One sees that without such shoring up there would have been a collapse.

I am not writing this article to prove that Chekoff was not a great dramatist. It is not worth while to correct current errors in literary judgment. These correct themselves. Chekoff's plays, however, leave behind a misleading impression of the Russian character, and this it is important to erase, if the British peoples and the Russians are to be good friends and respect one another. It would be impossible to respect, or to find any sure holding for the anchor of friendship in the characters of such men and women as Chekoff the dramatist has drawn.

Many who knew Russia before the so-called "Revolution" of 1905 tell me that his portraits were in those days true enough. "Then," I have made answer, "since national characters do not change in a dozen years, there must be a large number of such flabby, spiritless people left." No one denies this; least of all, Russians themselves. But to suppose that the indolent, chattering, purposeless drifters who people Chekoff's plays are now typical of Russian character is to fall into a deplorable mistake.

The Cherry Orchard is generally accounted Chekoff's most famous work. For my part I think of *The Three Sisters* with clearer and more sympathetic recollection. At the same time, I recognise in the theme of the later play

a certain theatrical value which lends it a more immediate appeal.

Flabbiness is the badge of all the tribe of Chekoff's creations. They all, men as well as women, shed tears upon the very smallest provocation. They are discontented, disappointed with what Life has brought them. Both Olga and Irene, for instance, grumble when they come home from their work, make frequent complaint of exhaustion. The men over thirty almost all say they have wasted their time and thrown away their chances of happiness. One thinks of the Chekoff world as peopled by an unpleasant, querulous herd of failures who fail because they have not "the will to success." They are not even interesting failures. Either they chatter about purely domestic matters or, if they wish to feel intelligent, they indulge in a tedious, brainless kind of conversation which they call "philosophising." They say "Now let us philosophise," just as two old Scottish ladies I once knew used to say after lunch on Sunday to a small schoolboy: "Noo we'll have a little holy talk." They combine with this much flaccid philandering. "Love" is never far from their thoughts—meaning either frank sensuality or a vague, cranky "Platonism" like that of the ill-natured idealist Trophimof, who tells a mother that he and her daughter, who are constantly together, are "above love." The men are often drunk, and the women do not resent it. An officer sprinkles himself with scent in public: nobody expresses or feels any surprise.

The least repellent of Chekoff's characters are some of his young girls. I think of Sonia always with affectionate sympathy. Her gentle little soul perfumes the play in which she figures (*Uncle Vanya*). Irene has the same tender, delicate bloom of inexperience and idealism. Nina in *The Seagull* is too silly to be interesting, though she has a certain child-like charm. Sasha in *Ivanoff* has character, but she is disagreeably self-assertive, and her moral standard is comically oblique. "How can you be blamed for ceasing to love your wife?" she asks of Ivanhoff. "No man is master of his feelings. You did not fall out of love with her on purpose. And was it your fault that she saw you making love to me? No, you did not intend her to see. . . ."

It is not surprising to find more individuality in the women of Chekoff's plays than in the men. That was true to the conditions of his time. It is true to-day also that many Russian women have stronger energy, readier initiative, steadier perseverance, than most Russian men. But Chekoff does not, as a rule, represent the superiority as lasting beyond early womanhood. His older women, except for an old nurse, have lapsed either into sloth or into foolish activity of some annoying kind.

I account for the feeling of impatience with which I recall most of Chekoff's characters partly by his lack of skill as a playwright. His touch is uncertain. There is neither wit in his writing nor humour in his conceptions. His attempts at fun are heavy. His stupid people disgust me. His bores are too boring. He does not make us know his men and women intimately. He is fond of giving them tricks of speech or habit. One ends almost every sentence with "and so on, and so on," another talks continually about cards, a third is always imagining himself at the billiard table, playing impossible strokes; a fourth never appears without pulling newspapers out of his pockets. But these oddities are external. They do not light up the secret places of the soul. He saw the surface only, not the depths; or if he saw them, he was not expert enough in drama to reveal them.

But there is a stronger reason for the feelings of impatience and irritation which his creations arouse. They show only one side of the Russian character, and that a side which tends, I believe and hope, to pass more and more away. As I have said, he wrote in a period of flabbiness, disillusions, discontent. But that period has been left behind. To suppose that the Russian people can be studied in the dramatic works of Chekoff is an injustice. The Russian nature has not, truly, the same fixity of purpose, the same unwavering attachment to tradition and principle, the solidity and steadfastness of the British nature. But, especially during the war, the Russian nature has developed, become firmer, grown towards Western energy and away from Eastern do-nothing-fatalism. It has proved itself to be of tougher fibre than Chekoff suspected.

The men who have won Russia's battles have not been

soldiers like Colonel Vershinine and the other officers in *The Three Sisters*. The men who have "organised the rear," through the wholesome activities of the Union of Zemstvoes, the Union of Towns, the War-Industry Committees, and other bodies composed of citizens, not of Tchinovniks (officials), are not the poor-spirited, ineffective creatures of Chekoff's gallery. The women whom I have seen in Russian hospitals and feeding points, in ambulance-trains and nursing-tents, in field-dressing-stations close to the front, engaged in all works of mercy, encouragement and hope, these are not the Lubof Andreievnas, the Arkadinas, the Mashas and Sashas of the plays, lymphatic, ill-disciplined, lazy, thinking only of themselves.

The "intelligentsia," as the very small educated part of the Russian population is called, has learnt a great deal from the war; left much affectation behind in battle-fields and lazarets; cured much of its former ignorance of life. Now a dramatist is needed to mark the change. Chekoff's work has in these days mainly a historical interest. It has lost its momentary verisimilitude. As an interpreter of the Russian character, Chekoff is out-of-date.

The Reality of Peace (i)

By D. H. Lawrence

The Transference

PEACE is the state of fulfilling the deepest desire of the soul. It is the condition of flying within the greatest impulse that enters us from the unknown. Our life becomes a mechanical round, and it is difficult for us to know or to admit the new creative desires that come upon us. We cling tenaciously to the old states, we resist our own fulfilment with a perseverance that would almost stop the sun in its course. But in the end we are overborne. If we cannot cast off the old habitual life, then we bring it down over our heads in a blind frenzy. Once the temple becomes our prison, we drag at the pillars till the roof falls crashing down on top of us and we are obliterated.

There is a great systole diastole of the universe. It has no why or wherefore, no aim or purpose. At all times it *is*, like the beating of the everlasting heart. What it is, is forever beyond saying. It is unto itself. We only know that the end is the heaven on earth, like the wild rose in blossom.

We are like the blood that travels. We are like the shuttle that flies from never to forever, from forever back to never. We are the subject of the eternal systole diastole. We fly according to the perfect impulse, and we have peace. We resist, and we have the gnawing misery of nullification which we have known previously.

Who can choose beforehand what the world shall be? All law, all knowledge holds good for that which already exists in the created world. But there is no law, no knowledge of the unknown which is to take place. We cannot know, we cannot declare beforehand. We can only come at length to that perfect state of understanding, of

acquiescence, when we sleep upon the living drift of the unknown, when we are given to the direction of creation, when we fly like a shuttle that flies from hand to hand in a line across the loom. The pattern is woven of us without our foreknowing, but not without our perfect unison of acquiescence.

What is will, divorced from the impulse of the unknown? What can we achieve by this insulated self-will? Who can take his way into the unknown by will? We are driven. Subtly and beautifully, we are impelled. It is our peace and bliss to follow the rarest prompting. We sleep upon the impulse; we lapse on the strange incoming tide, which rises now where no tide ever rose; we are conveyed to the new ends. And this is peace when we sleep upon the perfect impulse in the spirit. This is peace even whilst we run the gauntlet of destruction. Still we sleep in peace upon the pure impulse.

When we have become very still, when there is an inner silence as complete as death, then, as in the grave, we hear the rare, superfine whispering of the new direction; the intelligence comes. After the pain of being destroyed in all our old securities that we used to call peace, after the pain and death of our destruction in the old life comes the inward suggestion of fulfilment in the new.

This is peace like a river. This is peace like a river to flow upon the tide of the creative direction, towards an end we know nothing of, but which only fills us with bliss of confidence. Our will is a rudder that steers us and keeps us faithfully adjusted to the current. Our will is the strength that throws itself upon the tiller when we are caught by a wrong current. We steer by the delicacy of adjusted understanding, and our will is the strength that serves us in this. Our will is never tired of adjusting the helm according to our pure understanding. Our will is prompt and ready to shove off from any obstruction, to overcome any impediment. We steer with the subtlety of understanding, and the strength of our will sees us through.

But all the while our greatest effort and our supreme aim is to adjust ourselves to the river that carries us, so that we may be carried safely to the end, neither wrecked nor stranded nor clogged in weeds. All the while we are

but given to the stream, we are borne upon the surpassing impulse which has our end in view beyond us. None of us know the way. The way is given on the way.

There is a sacrifice demanded—only one, an old sacrifice that was demanded of the first man, and will be demanded of the last. It is demanded of all created life. I must submit my will and my understanding—all I must submit, not to any other will, not to any other understanding, not to anything that is, but to the exquisitest suggestion from the unknown that comes upon me. This I must attend to and submit to. It is not me, it is upon me.

There is no visible security; pure faith is the only security. There is no given way; there will never be any given way. We have no foreknowledge, no security of chart and regulation; there is no pole-star save only pure faith.

We must give up our assurance, our conceit of final knowledge, our vanity of charted right and wrong. We must give these up for ever. We cannot map out the way. We shall never be able to map out the way to the new. All our maps, all our charts, all our right and wrong, is only record from the past. But for the new there is a new and forever incalculable element.

We must give ourselves and be given, not to anything that has been, but to the river of peace that bears us. We must abide by the incalculable impulse of creation; we must sleep in faith. It will seem to us we are nowhere. We shall be afraid of anarchy and confusion. But, in fact, there is no anarchy so horrid as the anarchy of fixed law, which is mechanism.

We must be given in faith, like sleep. We must lapse upon a current that carries us like repose, and extinguishes in repose our self-insistence and self-will. It will seem to us we are nothing when we are no longer actuated by the stress of self-will. It will seem we have no progression, nothing progressive happens. Yet if we look, we shall see the banks of the old slipping noiselessly by; we shall see a new world unfolding round us. It is pure adventure, most beautiful.

But first it needs this act of courage: that we yield up our will to the unknown, that we deliver our course to the current of the invisible. With what rigid, cruel insistence

we clutch the control of our lives; with what a morbid frenzy we try to force our conclusions; with what madness of ghastly persistence we break ourselves under our own will! We think to work everything out mathematically and mechanically, forgetting that peace far transcends mathematics and mechanics.

There is a far sublimer courage than the courage of the indomitable will. It is not the courage of the man smiling contemptuously in the face of death that will save us all from death. It is the courage which yields itself to the perfectest suggestion from within. When a man yields himself implicitly to the suggestion which transcends him, when he accepts gently and honourably his own creative fate, he is beautiful and beyond aspersion.

In self-assertive courage a man may smile serenely amid the most acute pains of death, like a Red Indian of America. He may perform acts of stupendous heroism. But this is the courage of death. The strength to die bravely is not enough.

Where has there been on earth a finer courage of death and endurance than in the Red Indian of America? And where has there been more complete absence of the courage of life? Has not this super-brave savage maintained himself in the conceit and strength of his own will since time began, as it seems? He has held himself aloof from all pure change; he has kept his will intact and insulated from life till he is an automaton—mad, living only in the acute inward agony of a negated impulse of creation. His living spirit is crushed down from him, confined within bonds of an unbreakable will, as the feet of a Chinese woman are bound up and clinched in torment. He only knows that he lives by the piercing of anguish and the thrill of peril. He needs the sharp sensation of peril; he needs the progression through danger and the interchange of mortal hate; he needs the outward torture to correspond with the inward torment of the restricted spirit. For that which happens at the quick of a man's life will finally have its full expression in his body. And the Red Indian finds relief in the final tortures of death, for these correspond at last with the inward agony of the cramped spirit; he is released at last to the pure and sacred readjustment of death.

He has all the fearful courage of death. He has all the repulsive dignity of a static, indomitable will. He has all the noble, sensational beauty of arrestedness, the splendour of insulated changelessness, the pride of static resistance to every impulse of mobile, delicate life. And what is the end? He is benumbed against all life, therefore he needs torture to penetrate him with vital sensation. He is cut off from growth, therefore he finds his fulfilment in the slow and mortal anguish of destruction. He knows no consummation of peace, but falls at last in the great conclusion of death.

Having all the resultant courage of negation, he has failed in the great crisis of life. He had not the courage to yield himself to the unknown that should make him new and vivid, to yield himself, deliberately, in faith. Does any story of martyrdom affect us like the story of the conversion of Paul? In an age of barrenness, where people glibly talk of epilepsy on the road to Damascus, we shy off from the history, we hold back from realising what is told. We dare not know. We dare to gloat on the crucifixion, but we dare not face the mortal fact of the conversion from the accepted world, to the new world which was not yet conceived, that took place in the soul of Saint Paul on the road to Damascus.

It is a passage through a crisis greater than death or martyrdom. It is the passage from the old way of death to the new way of creation. It is a transition out of assurance into peace. It is a change of state from comprehension to faith. It is a submission and allegiance given to the new which approaches us, in place of defiance and self-insistence, insistence on the known, that which lies static and external.

Sappho leaped off into the sea of death. But this is easy. Who dares leap off from the old world into the inception of the new? Who dares give himself to the tide of living peace? Many have gone in the tide of death. Who dares leap into the tide of new life? Who dares to perish from the old static entity, lend himself to the unresolved wonder? Who dares have done with his old self? Who dares have done with himself, and with all the rest of the old-established world; who dares have done with his own righteousness; who dares have done with humanity?

It is time to have done with all these, and be given to the unknown which will come to pass.

It is the only way. There is this supreme act of courage demanded from every man who would move in a world of life. Empedocles ostentatiously leaps into the crater of the volcano. But a living man must leap away from himself into the much more awful fires of creation. Empedocles knew well enough where he was going when he leaped into Etna. He was only leaping hastily into death, where he would have to go whether or not. He merely forestalled himself a little. For we must all die. But we need not live. We have always the door of death in front of us, and, howsoever our track winds and travels, it comes to that door at last. We *must* die within an allotted term; there is not the least atom of choice allowed us in this.

But we are not compelled to live. We are only compelled to die. We may refuse to live; we may refuse to pass into the unknown of life; we may deny ourselves to life altogether. So much choice we have. There is so much free will that we are perfectly free to forestall our date of death, and perfectly free to postpone our date of life as long as we like.

We must *choose* life, for life will never compel us. Sometimes we have even no choice; we have no alternative to death. Then, again, life is with us; there is the soft impulse of peace. But this we may deny emphatically and to the end, and it is denied of us. We may reject life completely and finally from ourselves. Unless we submit our will to the flooding of life, there is no life in us.

If a man have no alternative but death, death is his honour and his fulfilment. If he is wintry in discontent and resistance, then winter is his portion and his truth. Why should he be cajoled or bullied into a declaration for life? Let him declare for death with a whole heart. Let every man search in his own soul to find there the quick suggestion, whether his soul be quick for life or quick for death. Then let him act as he finds it. For the greatest of all misery is a lie; and if a man belong to the line of obstinate death, he has at least the satisfaction of pursuing this line simply. But we will not call this peace. There is all the world of difference between the sharp, drug-delicious satisfaction of resignation and self-gratifying

humility and the true freedom of peace. Peace is when I accept life; when I accept death I have the hopeless equivalent of peace, which is quiescence and resignation.

Life does not break the self-insistent will. But death does. Death compels us and leaves us without choice. And all compulsion whatsoever is death, and nothing but death.

To life we must cede our will, acquiesce and be at one with it, or we stand alone, we are excluded, we are exempt from living. The service of life is voluntary.

This fact of conversion, which has seemed, in its connection with religion, to smack of unreality, to be, like the miracles, not quite creditable, even if demonstrable, is as a matter of fact essentially natural and our highest credit. We know what it is now to live in a confessed state of death. We know what it is to prosecute death with all our strength of soul and body. We know what it is to be fulfilled with the activity of death. We have given ourselves body and soul, altogether, to the making of all the engines and contrivances and inventions of death. We have wanted to deal death, ever more and more death. We have wanted to compel every man whatsoever to the activity of death. We have wanted to envelop the world in a vast unison of death, to let nothing escape. We have been filled with a frenzy of compulsion; our insistent will has co-ordinated into a monstrous engine of compulsion and death.

So now our fundamental being has come out. True, our banner is ostensible peace. But let us not degrade ourselves with lying. We were filled with the might of death. And this has been gathering in us for a hundred years. Our strength of death passion has accumulated from our fathers; it has grown stronger and stronger from generation to generation. And in us it is confessed.

Therefore, we are in a position to understand the "phenomenon" of conversion. It is very simple. Let every man look into his own heart and see what is fundamental there. Is there a gnawing and unappeasable discontent? Is there a secret desire that there shall be new strife? Is there a prophecy that the worst is yet to come; is there a subtle thrill in the anticipation of a fearful tearing of the body of life at home, here, between the classes of men in England; a great darkness coming over England;

the sound of a great rending of destruction? Is there a desire to partake in this rending, either on one side or the other? Is there a longing to see the masses rise up and make an end of the wrong old order? Is there a will to circumvent these masses and subject them to superior wisdom? Shall we govern them for their own good, strongly?

It does not matter on which side the desire stands, it is the desire of death. If we prophesy a triumph of the people over their degenerate rulers, still we prophesy from the inspiration of death. If we cry out in the name of the subjected herds of mankind against iniquitous tyranny, still we are purely deathly. If we talk of the wise controlling the unwise, this is the same death.

For all strife between things old is pure death. The very division of mankind into two halves, the humble and the proud, is death. Unless we pull off the old badges and become ourselves, single and new, we are divided unto death. It helps nothing whether we are on the side of the proud or the humble.

But if, in our heart of hearts, we can find one spark of happiness that is absolved from strife, then we are converted to the new life the moment we accept this spark as the treasure of our being. This is conversion. If there is a quick, new desire to have new heaven and earth, and if we are given triumphantly to this desire, if we know that it will be fulfilled of us, finally and without fail, we are converted. If we will have a new creation on earth, if our souls are chafing to make a beginning, if our fingers are itching to start the new work of building up a new world, a whole new world with a new open sky above us, then we are transported across the unthinkable chasm, from the old dead way to the beginning of all that is to be.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S address to the theatrical managers, with its reference to economy, provided the psychological moment for an interesting discussion upon the way in which the need for national recreation can best be met. In the world of entertainment, as in most other sections of the Anglo-Saxon world, it was the custom before the war to hold brains in light esteem and to fall back upon the expenditure of money. Even in social functions lavishness had been brought in as a substitute for intelligence. So long as the wine sparkled sufficiently there was no need for the conversation to do the same. In the form of musical entertainment offered by the theatres, an expensively undressed beauty chorus, with blatant scenery and meaningless noises in that part of the orchestra which musicians refer to as the kitchen department, took the place of wit, of good singing, and of well-made music. That despot of modern times, the producer, instead of exercising a kind of artistic supervisorship, had become a mere instrument for the spending of other people's money. Needless to say, the rank and file of managers had fallen into the same old rut, already overcrowded with publishers and editors, where eagerness to secure a larger share of patronage ends in hopelessly under-estimating the intelligence of the public.

The moment was opportune for raising the question of a return to a form of musical entertainment depending more on the wit of its authors, the skill of its composers, and the talent of its interpreters than on the amount of money which its backers were prepared to squander. Not only were audiences tired of the form of entertainment offered them, but the shows themselves were tired. Their producers were showing signs of approaching exhaustion, and "that tired feeling" was becoming painfully visible on the stage.

Meanwhile, the idea of returning to some form of comic opera was taking root. Mr. Robert Courtneidge took *Young England* to Drury Lane. Mr. Gilbert Miller announced a light romantic opera by Messager. But if one thing more than another furnished proof of the timeliness of the change, it was the eagerness with which many people whose names were associated with revue promptly informed the public that light opera was what they had all along been aiming at. Mr. Herman Darewski proclaimed himself the champion of comic opera. Mr. C. B. Cochran —who has, however, not been one of the spendthrifts— made a violent attack on super-revue. Miss Phyllis Dare assured an interviewer that, "from signs and portents only known to a musical comedy star," there is going to be a real revival in comic opera. So much anxiety was displayed to be in the movement that an anonymous letter-writer became alarmed at the enthusiasm displayed in certain quarters, and plaintively pointed out that light opera is not revue under a new name. The anxiety was, however, quite real, for one revue, popularly supposed to be successful, was in financial difficulties, and another which had been announced with much prominence was being delayed by the misgivings of its guarantors; whilst in the provinces revue was pronounced by the best experts to be as dead as mutton, though, needless to say, the interests most affected by the slump were not those which waxed eloquent on the subject.

The inane type of musical entertainment still has defenders who maintain that it is what the public wants, although the public appears to be using a practical means of undeceiving them. But even if it were not so, the argument would not apply, for the public has for some considerable time had no choice offered to it, all these entertainments having gradually descended to approximately the same level. It is the old mistake over again. The public is far more intelligent than managers believe. It will not go to a dull show for amusement merely because it is assured that it is clever. When it wants to be amused it does not want gems of lyrical poetry or feasts of symphonic music. But it does want wit and it does want bright, humorous music, and if it is offered these it will quickly relinquish its waning allegiance to the band with the cham-

pion drummer. It all depends on what happens in the near future. Any attempt to educate the public would, of course, be fatal.

That is where the opportunity arises for our musical talents. If a beauty chorus is indispensable, there are plenty of pretty girls who have been trained to sing quite well. There may be difficulties about the book, but I cannot bring myself to believe that we are as poor in writers of bright, humorous verse as one would suppose from the state of the lighter stage. As for the music, there has not been a time within living memory when we were so rich in fresh young talent that only waits to be exploited. Here again we are not so poverty-stricken as to need the present flow of importations from America and from enemy countries by way of American adaptations. A Berlin or Vienna production does not become neutral, or even hyphenated, on receiving the imprint of an American publisher.

Besides, I think the time has come when we should pay more attention to the music of people whose names bear some phonetic resemblance to those of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. I have no quarrel with the Darewskis, or with Nat D. Ayer, or Irving Berlin, or Louis Hirsch, or Melville Gideon. On the contrary, I admire the characteristic opportunism which betrays the origin of most of them. That is to say, I admire it from a business point of view. But in the house of amusement, as also in the concert-room and the opera-house, I hunger for the sound of good English verse, set to good English music, and signed by good English names. If this remarkable race to which we belong were really incapable of amusing itself, it would scarcely deserve to be amused at all. But look around you, all you pessimists of the theatre, and see what this great people can do, and actually does do, in its moments of unfettered recreation. If all that wealth of material does not appear to you worthy or capable of development and exploitation, or likely to secure the appreciation of those who participate in the making of it, I can only retort that, for all your managerial successes, you have no more business acumen than the proprietor of a penny gaff in a one-horse town.

IMPERIAL RECONSTRUCTION

The Education Question

By The Master of Balliol

Preface.

Mr. Fisher, the President of the Board of Education, who certainly himself enlivens and illuminates any subject he touches, asked in opening an education discussion on March 28th, 1917, why the British public regarded education as a dull subject. He avoided the temptation to explain it by suggesting that the British public was looking into a mirror and saw reflected therein its own educational attitude. But in fact, the repute of "dulness" is not wholly due to its being presented in a pedantic form by the experts. When one gets so close as this to the heart of the subject, it is full of the deepest and most varied human interest. But superficially and at a distance it has that repute because the British public doggedly identifies education with information, and regards it as a process of ramming in instead of a process of drawing out; and therefore the British public did to some degree deserve the German verdict passed on us long before the war as a people profoundly uneducated, having no general belief in knowledge or research as such, no general use of science or modern languages, no general respect for teaching as a profession, and no real educational system. To the popular mind, education connotes primarily a mechanical acquisition of the three R's, and, secondarily, an acquaintance almost as mechanical with one or two dead languages. But things are different if we regard it truly as an all-round development, physical and moral as well as mental. There is some truth in the definition of it as "what remains when we have forgotten the things we learned." In this sense

of education we are beginning to see that all our present urgent problems come back to it as their basis and postulate. Thus the international problem, how to strengthen world-peace in the future, can have no hope of solution till the map of Europe is redrawn on sound lines because lines of nationality, but with guarantees for other factors too, such as religious and racial minorities, and till the peoples of the world are ready to intervene actively in future every time that this settlement is endangered. Clearly this requires that at least in the two peoples of the British Empire and the United States every intelligent man shall have some appreciation of the danger and the indispensable need and duty it imposes on him. How is this possible without a far more educated public?

Or take the Imperial position. It has been for ever altered by the war, by the action of the Dominions coming out to fight, not for us, but for the ideals common to us with them, by their determination to have a say in questions of peace and war without any diminution of their own autonomy. Some way or other we have to re-adjust to these new facts the future relation between Britain and the Dominions. Everything will depend on mutual understanding and sympathy. How is this possible without a public educated out of its mistrust of the term "Empire," and educated up to the vast potentialities implied in a world commonwealth of British democracies? Then there are our home problems, each waiting only till peace is in sight to burst out into towering monsters, like the genie out of the bottle in the *Arabian Nights*. Is the State to buy up the railways, mines, shipping, and "the trade" as it modestly calls itself? What sort of Cabinet are we to have in future, and what sort of Second Chamber? Can we shake off the baser sort of politician and the dark methods of the caucus, the secret funds and the sale of honours, without weakening the practicality and efficiency of the two-party system? Is it not manifest that a democracy which has to solve these questions must be an educated democracy? And what of the new form of society that will begin to build itself under the hands of Labour, awakened by the war to a new sense of unity and power and a new sense of social justice? Is "labour unrest" likely to turn into industrial harmony between employers and employed

at the mere twanging of a harp, even a Welsh harp by a Prime Minister? Is the tremendous question of women's standing as industrial competitors against men, with its incalculable results on family life and sexual morality, to be settled by an uneducated generation? Or to deal honestly yet wisely with the two cankers of our society, drink and prostitution, can we trust to anything but the education of that social conscience which is now so callous?

I. Elementary Schools.

The first subject to discuss in educational reform must be the elementary schools; then the continuation of education from fourteen to eighteen; then the teachers.

It is not enough to deal with the years five to fourteen. Instruction that stopped abruptly on the threshold of adolescence, that was not kept alive by use, was sheer waste. Elementary education needs continuation as its supplement. In the same way, if it is not to be too much handicapped at the start, it needs that there shall be some preliminary care and training even before the age of five. When Aristotle judged that children's best education up to seven consisted in home life and games, he was certainly not considering slum homes, mothers absent in factories, and streets as playgrounds. Not that children under five are to be subjected to the dreadful process called "information," nor even to be accommodated in the present schools. But under our present industrial conditions we must have nursery schools, if only to give them a fair start for their later school life. It is a well-known observation of those great teachers the Jesuits that it is the early years of life that count most in the formation of habits; and modern hygiene would add that it is just in those years that skilled inspection and medical treatment can do most. As Dr. Newman has lately said, "To secure for all children from infancy an adequate upbringing based on a sufficiency of food, air, and exercise is a problem well within compass, not involving either large expenditure or revolutionary methods." If these wise words do not strike home, we might point them further with certain figures. The last Medical Report of the Board of Education, that for 1915, makes a startling revelation. There is a large mass of

physical defects, mostly preventible; 250,000 children of school age are seriously crippled or disabled; and 1,000,000 too defective or diseased in body or mind to get reasonable benefit from their education. It is evident that if only on the crudest ground of what pays and what does not pay, we have to build up a complete scheme of medical inspection and treatment of our 5,500,000 State school children. As things stand, each child is so inspected at three points in school life, but the machinery is as yet only adequate to deal with 2,000,000 each year. Further, where treatment is required, the machinery at present is only adequate to half the work. Of 317 education authorities, only 93 have made provision for dealing with adenoids, the cause of so much suffering and mental dulness. Over 70 per cent. of the children have defective teeth; 30 per cent. have defective sight, more than half of these being cases in urgent need of treatment; 500,000 suffer from malnutrition; more than 250,000 are verminous. "Yet merely as a business proposition, time and money are saved by prompt attention," and the wealth of a nation depends upon its children and their health. Meantime, despite local improvements, there continues to be an appalling mortality of infant life, and the very variations suggest how much is due to social conditions—that is, to preventible causes. In Shoreditch, Burnley, Wigan, Middlesbrough, one-quarter of the babies die before the age of five; in Hampstead, Lewisham, Ilford, only one-ninth. Among these causes housing conditions are more important than drink or poverty; and it is not the mothers' ignorance that is to blame so much as work in factories, lack of pure milk, and lack of nursing and medical care. As a mere business proposition, to return to that lowest ground, how many millions of pounds a year is here being thrown away?

Physical Education.—But it is not enough to provide medical care and inspection for the children. We have also to provide a thorough development of the physical side of education. Our best authority in physiology informs us that good as organised games are, they require to be supplemented by courses of formal muscular exercises through Swedish drill and gymnastics. These can deal with larger numbers of children at a time, are less expensive, can be made more thorough and adaptive; they focus

attention and effort upon each part of the muscular apparatus in turn, and therefore each part of the nervous system and brain centres. They require little, if any, apparatus, but should be done in the open air and to musical accompaniment, as this converts drill into exhilarating combined activity, and takes advantage of the intimate connection between the sense of hearing and the deep-seated sense of balance. This method has already proved its value in the training of recruits, and is a prime necessity in the future to build up a nation capable of that first duty of a community, self-defence. The Board of Education has already issued a good "Model Form of Physical Exercise" for elementary schools. More use can also be made of class singing and class dancing. Meantime, games with their healthy competition, the element of physical zest in them, the qualities of self-control and fair-play which they encourage, require no argument to commend them to Britons; and yet we do not provide playgrounds and playing-fields as an indispensable part of our educational equipment. Along with physical development goes the question of nutrition. By whatever method it is done, the children must be properly fed; to attempt to teach a hungry child is at once a crime and a blunder, a crime against physical laws and a blundering waste of effort. In all this matter of the physical health of the children the country is now ready to take the necessary steps; as an experienced administrator has said, it is the one thing which is of real vital human interest to education committees, and is understood by the parents. The way has already been shown by towns like Manchester, Bradford, Sheffield, and others, with remarkable results in the increased weight and stature of the children. The primary duty the community owes to its children is to see that they start life with healthy and well-developed bodies.

The Age-limit and the Curriculum.—The same Committee has dealt with a part at least of the question of the elementary school, and dealt with it in refreshingly vigorous language: "It is an imperative necessity to bring to an end the present detestable system of half-timers below the age of fourteen." The leaving age is at once to be raised to fourteen both in town and country, without allowing any exemptions. This reform would be the first step in

convincing both the manufacturing interests and the working-class parents that the country had made up its mind, or, perhaps, as one could still better call it, its conscience. It would close a long and unpleasant chapter of education history in which we can be seen undoing with one hand what we had been professing to do with the other, or at least allowing the factory and the street to undo daily what the school was daily trying to build up. It would be a tangible proof that there is, after all, such a thing as social progress to be achieved by the long-continued, unwearied, personal efforts of a multitude of individual social workers.

Once it were established that education was to go on universally till eighteen, it would begin to be possible to improve the curriculum of elementary schools. At present a sharp child can by the age of twelve get all that he will get there; after that the work consists mostly of repetition, for the teachers say that if he is to have no more schooling at all after thirteen, it is no use beginning new subjects; we had better stamp in and make permanent what he has already learned. Similarly with other reforms; once it is established that teachers cannot take classes of fifty or sixty—a heart-breaking task, as they say; or that teachers are to have better training as well as better pay and prospects, and be recruited from better material; or that there are to be more liberal and wide-minded methods of inspection and examination—then the subjects and the teaching will make a rapid improvement. Not that there is not much excellent work done in elementary schools; and there are no more admirable and devoted servants of the community than some of these teachers, who often are under conditions so discouraging that they must be sustained by a veritable sense of a vocation. But there is a whole mass of educational experiment and experience in recent years ready to be practically applied to children under fourteen. As an example may be cited the interesting experience of Manchester, where 15,000 children were given only three hours' school and for the other three hours were taken to the museum, art galleries, and other places; they became stronger and healthier, more observant, more capable of expression, verbal, written, and through the pencil; "even the parents get drawn into the scheme, and

on a Saturday afternoon and Sunday find it pleasant to begin their own re-education." Here is a scheme which can in time be applied to every subject taught. For we have been doing our teaching from the wrong end; teaching abstractions first instead of beginning, as life and Nature do, with the external concrete things—*e.g.*, we ought to be teaching arithmetic and geometry partly at least by means of school gardens, woodwork, the blacksmith's forge, nature study, and so on. There is probably no better education in the country than that which produces the A.B. seaman of the Navy, a man notoriously "handy" in mind and body, skilled in many things, capable of taking responsibility, understanding discipline, and yet self-reliant; "a really educated man, a marvellous product," he has been called. Lord Haldane said there was nothing wrong about our elementary schools; but, at any rate, there is the potentiality of immense improvement in the whole method. We have hardly made more than the first steps towards realising what may be done by the following cardinal principles: Develop the personal relation between the teacher and each child; utilise the local environment throughout the school life; replace half the in-school lessons by out-of-school substitutes; train the child to use its own powers—that is, teach it to teach itself. It will be said that few of the present teachers are equipped for this work. The moral is, the future teacher must be equipped for this. Of all penny-wise, pound-foolish conduct, probably the most wasteful has been the cheapening of the elementary teachers.

II. Continuation Schools.

"We lose sight of a bright, intelligent boy at thirteen, and at eighteen find him again a hooligan." This remark by a public-spirited employer in a Northern town is borne out in all town life. "It is a disgrace to see healthy, bright boys hanging about railway stations cadging to carry passengers' bags." Yet this is only a more pronounced form of the "blind-alley" employments which are the outward and visible sign of an almost total lack of education for the years thirteen to eighteen. Almost total, for of 2,500,000 between the ages of twelve and sixteen, 1,000,000 get no

education after thirteen, and only 250,000 go to secondary schools. There are 3,500,000 children between twelve and eighteen, of whom less than one-seventh are nominally in evening schools, the rest getting from the State no physical or moral training, let alone educational.

Is not this an appalling waste of human material, and such splendid material too, far better than we deserved to have? Look at the fact that of the boys in our reformatory and industrial schools over 4,000 had voluntarily enlisted within the first year of war, and 530 given their lives for their country—a proportion almost identical with the students from university colleges. Do not these figures suggest a good deal? There has been some tendency noticeable recently among educationists to indulge in complacent reflections, to claim as the product of our educational apparatus all this fine material disclosed by the war, and its fine conduct in the war, the combination of stubborn resistance with resourceful self-reliance, firm grasp of the issues at stake, with a balanced and even humorous refusal to "gas" about them. But in fact these qualities have belonged to our national character ever since Chaucer and Froissart described it; and in this matter, as in many others, we are the inheritors of a great past, too often the thankless and wasteful inheritors. It does not follow that because our people have been proved still sound at bottom, therefore the education system under which they lived was good. Such a line of argument would lead to some surprising inferences, on the model of the Goodwin Sands being the effect of Tenterden Church steeple because each had been there as long as the natives could remember.

Why is it that the war has been such a revelation of the fundamental soundness of the mass of British youth of both sexes? Because it has supplied just the two things needed to call out the best in them, namely, discipline and a lofty but simple ideal. We need not have waited for war to supply these two things. I have heard a working man sum up the chief value of a university education as consisting in the vigorous training and discipline of the college boat clubs, "just the self-discipline that our chaps most need"; and I have heard of a battalion of Nottingham miners whose experiences at the front made them

enthusiastic about discipline. Yet at such an age as thirteen we throw boys and girls into the industrial machine, and leave the street, the cinema, and their own surging new passions to be the chief or the sole educational influences upon them henceforth. For parental responsibility, already undermined by relieving it of its educational duty, has less and less hold upon these prematurely emancipated adolescents; they are conscious of their own importance as financial pillars of the house, and mean to spend in their own way part of their own earnings. At the same time we must remember the reaction against some modern tendencies. One is to the increased dominance of machinery in industrial life and to increased specialisation and monotony. "My job interesting?" said a skilled mechanic. "It is drilling the same kind of hole in the same spot in the same kind of wheel nine hours a day, and now working overtime on the same job." Another tendency is to the complete disappearance of the old human relations between the men and the master in the days of small businesses; these are now replaced by a foreman chosen as a "hustler," and answerable to a manager who is himself the dividend-earning agent of joint-stock capital. The whole business of the country is drifting into the hands of joint-stock companies, and to these the lawyers have given as a charter that a body has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned. Economic tendencies such as these are bound to produce, and are producing, a violent resistance among the younger and the more active-minded of the working class, a resistance which is not to be merely labelled "syndicalism," and so discussed as unpractical and un-English. This procedure is like that of the doctor who thought to satisfy his patient by the assurance that the scientific name of a boil was *furunculus*; the patient justly retorted that, even so, it was painful. Now, if left without education after thirteen, the working classes are going to pick up an education, and a very one-sided one, for themselves, for education does not come only from school-rooms and text-books, but also from associates and environment; the abandoned field is apt to have weeds for its first crop. It is true that everyone who has eyes has seen for forty years past this gap in our system, and evening schools were designed to fill it. But of the 8,500,000 young

persons between twelve and twenty-five, evening schools touch less than one-twentieth, and, by the nature of the case, those who most need them are those who stay most away. Even as it is, the number is fallacious; many stay only one term, many come when they are almost too old to learn in that form, many of those enrolled make very poor attendance, and of the select few who make real use of them the mental effort after a long and fatiguing day is something painful to see; many a mother could tell of the tragic results. Yet experienced teachers only ask for eight hours a week to enable them, in the language of the Report issued on April 2nd last by the Departmental Committee on Juvenile Education, "to maintain effective contact with the forces of civilisation." The Report goes on to ask the question: "Can the age of adolescence be brought out of the purview of economic exploitation and into that of the social conscience? Can the conception of the juvenile as primarily a little wage-earner be replaced by the conception of the juvenile as primarily the workman and the citizen in training?" The whole subject, as is said, is one which more than once already the country has gaped at and passed by. But as the ancient philosopher put it, war is the parent of everything, and the war has brought the problem up again in the disquieting shape of a great increase in juvenile delinquency. Many causes have contributed to this: the absence of the fathers, the rise in wages, the demand for juvenile labour outrunning the supply, the withdrawals from school, especially in agricultural districts. But the adults will return, and much youthful labour will find itself thrown on the market. We need to set our continuation schools going at once to fill up the great dislocation and the manifold gaps that the war will have caused, and to bridge over the great educational chasm that has been created by this earthquake. The most intelligent employers were already before the war providing for the education of their young workers. But there is heard in some industries a dangerous cry that the only way to pay for the war is to allow children to be withdrawn from the schools, just as ninety years ago it was said that British industry required child labour from the age of eight or seven years. To counter this suicidal policy of going behind the Factory Acts and undoing the hard lessons of

a century, and also to protect the willing employers, this continuation system must be made universal and compulsory, and must begin at once. This need not mean that in the Committee's view it be made retrospective or come into force at one stroke; it is suggested that the process be spread over four years, and the 1,500,000 children who have lately left school seem to be regarded by the Committee as past praying for. But on the general principle, at any rate, the country must speak with no uncertain voice. For in some districts, especially those of the cotton and woollen manufactures, the working-class parents themselves have got into a vicious circle of expecting their children at thirteen, or as half-timers even earlier, to become contributors to the family budget. It would perhaps be wise for the State to make compensation in these cases to the parents who have been allowed to look forward to such contributions, and in this way an awkward transition might be made easier. The manufacturers may be trusted, by the introduction of automatic machinery and in other ways, to adapt themselves to the new conditions as their predecessors did ninety years ago. This four years' universal compulsory continuation from fourteen to eighteen is not to be regarded as merely a prolongation of formal education; but the Report justly claims for it that it will be carrying on the moral and disciplinary influence of the school, conducing to a higher physical standard, increasing industrial efficiency, and providing opportunities for a full and technical training. Important details are that the eight hours a week be in the employers' time, and be between 8 a.m. and 7 p.m.; that it be obligatory on the local authorities to provide the organisation and on the employers to provide facilities, as well as compulsory for the employees to attend; that the courses should be on general subjects as well as practical and technical, and should be accompanied by continuous physical training and medical inspection and treatment; for "the problem of adolescence is at least as much a physical as a mental one"—a wise reminder of a truth which we all knew and all ignored.

Technical Schools.—A change has begun in the whole attitude of employers to education; we have to produce not merely good workmen, but good citizens who feel they

are doing honourable work which is of public service, the old feeling of the skilled craft. The scheme proposed for engineering is as follows. For their purpose boys of twelve are to be taken from the elementary schools and put into junior technical schools. These are not to be trade schools, and are not to attempt to teach a trade, but to teach general subjects through and in connection with the boys' future calling. Just as at Osborne the pupils' interest in their future Navy career is made the starting point for every general lesson, so in the Shoreditch School for future cabinet-makers geography is taught by showing where each kind of wood comes from and by what routes it comes to us. This is the old principle accepted by all writers on education but practically neglected, the principle of starting from some living interest already felt by the pupil; starting, as Aristotle put it, from the fact, and working from this to the explanation of the fact. The principle should be similarly applied to lessons in history and literature, mathematics, and the natural sciences. Two-thirds of the work-time is allotted to these general subjects; one-third to practical work, but even this practical work is to aim primarily at stimulating the boy's interest in his future occupation. It will also infuse the general lessons with that practicality for lack of which such lessons at present fail to take a real hold on the pupil's mind; he fails to see what they are for. When an intelligent boy is made to realise that algebra means something that will enable him to do practical calculations more commodiously and to solve problems, or that trigonometry means something which will find the height of a distant hill, his whole attitude to those subjects alters. At present the difficulty is to find boys whose grounding at the elementary schools in even simple arithmetic or simple mensuration has been sufficiently firmly fixed in their minds to enable the teacher to build on this as a foundation when he wants to carry them on into mathematics or science. The early work has been so detached from actual life, from material objects, that it slips off, as it were, like a useless and irksome garment. At the age of fifteen the boy now passing into the age of apprenticeship should still for three years attend general classes for about one-third of his working hours, classes conducted if possible in the works where the rest

of his working time is being spent. In these classes he is to be taught to read a drawing, to make workshop sketches, to understand the principles on which the practice of his trade is based, and to recognise the simple physical laws which he meets in daily work. He is to be taught the importance of economising in materials, effort, and time, of what factors the cost of manufacture is compounded, how to use mathematics to solve workshop problems, and how to describe them in simple English. He should also be taught such subjects as "human"; industrial history and literature as bearing on his particular trade and illustrated by his own daily work. This will be a revival of the old English system of apprenticeship, with its humanising relations, its honourable pride of craftsmanship, and its care of the critical years of adolescence, but will avoid the evils of the old indentured apprenticeship. When it is added that these classes should also be boys' clubs, and include cricket and football teams, it will be seen how wisely this scheme keeps in view the all-round development of its future workmen. Meantime, the promising pupils are to be picked out and encouraged by scholarships to mount up to a university career as students, or to aspire to special training as future foremen. The U.S.A. Labour Commission reported in 1910 that "the results of this combination of shop and school work in turning out competent workmen, well fitted for the needs of the particular concern which maintains the school, are reported to be entirely satisfactory." Besides America, Scotland, Switzerland, and Germany are much ahead of us in this matter of continuation schools. Without them our expenditure on elementary education—£26,314,098 in 1913—is being largely wasted; the instruction given includes no instruction in the alphabet of citizenship, no development of the spirit of corporate life, no direct training in moral principles. Ceasing as it does at thirteen and a half, or thirteen often, it is incredibly soon forgotten; employers say that the boys sent to them cannot do the simplest sums, cannot read with any accuracy, cannot compose simple sentences. Grown-up men, and more often women, frequently admit that they have forgotten how to read or write.

(To be continued.)

Co-operative Homes

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

PEOPLE want homes, not merely houses to live in; and it is better to be under-housed than over-housed. One can always expand; but it is difficult to retract from a certain standard of life. Conventionality clogs the world, just as individuality moves it on.

Life has got to be simplified.

Life can be simplified, and women architects can do it.

Suppose there are fifty houses in a row. Every town is made up of rows and rows of houses, each with its own kitchen fire. Fifty houses mean fifty kitchen fires. Fifty pairs of hands to lay and light them. Fifty women to attend to kitchen ovens and flues, hot water and cooking. This is waste. All those fifty houses can be managed from one central kitchen. England as a rule has tens of thousands too many typists, and tens of thousands too few cooks.

The middle house in that street must contain the staff. A huge furnace must supply pipes of hot water to twenty-five house-baths on the right, and twenty-five house-baths on the left. Result, coke (usually cheaper than coal) can be burnt, and far, far less of it will be used. Thereby doing away with the gas-smoke fog that is so depressing, and is caused by hundreds of small chimneys, instead of a few tall ones. Fog will be decreased, of course. The expenses of the individual bath will be reduced 500 per cent., and the water will always be hot. One, or at most, two people, will keep all those fifty houses supplied with constant baths and hot water, and half a dozen or so will do the cooking.

Then again, instead of every house having two or three fireplaces to be cleaned and kept going every day, another furnace will supply central heating to all the houses. The radiators will have taps which can be turned off or on at

choice. One fireplace just to "look cheery," and allow the pleasant joys of contemplation and friendly poking, will be all that is required for luxury; but not for necessity.

Every house must have a little combination pantry-kitchen. That small P.-K. will contain a gas or electric cooking stove. On that stove breakfasts, teas, and perchance lunches can be arranged. Important meals will be sent in from the central kitchen, where a steward will devise proper menus every day according to the suitability of marketing, and buying in bulk, and he will call himself at every house for orders, on a message by 'phone requesting him to do so. These dishes can be simple (served without even crockery or napery, merely the cooked dishes) or they can be more important, and furnish all the requisites for a dinner, including the waitress. Butlers, chefs, chauffeurs, valets, lift men, and young "gentlemen" behind ladies' underclothing counters will cease to be, in a more enlightened age.

With this co-operative bath supply, co-operative central heating and co-operative kitchen, staffs will be enormously reduced and expenses lowered while the standard is raised.

One (or more) domestic in each house will be sufficient. That one can be a house-parlourmaid. Or in the case where no personal maid is required, a "help" can come in for as many hours as required from the Central Administration. Every bedroom will have its hot and cold water taps and waste, and every room will be heated.

Result, one personal maid instead of two or three, a much more compact system, good food instead of indifferent cooking, and if a public dining-room, reading-room, and drawing-room are added, even that one maid can be done without and substituted by a few hours' daily attendance.

Gas stoves, central heating, and self-serving hot-water taps, vacuum cleaners, co-operative cooking, and part service will make life easier, will save the harassed housewives' temper and digestion, and not part us from our individual homes with their individual little joys and personal treasures. People can live as simply as they like, and if they invite friends will then be able to order a well-cooked dinner and merely keep it warm till served on their own individual little gas or electric stove.

A little arrangement of dinner trucks at the back of the row of houses can deliver the hot food as required, in tin ovens, just as food is now delivered on the different floors in hotels. This necessitates a covered way for the "service" and food-lifts to the flats. But at small outlay endless carrying and human energy may be lessened.

The housewife will be saved heartbreaking anxiety over sauces and *soufflés*.

What can be done for the middle-class can also be done for the rich, and also for the poor. To-day the poor share the joys of a weekly boiler day for their washing, and the present scheme merely enlarges that system. Municipal kitchens can go far to help the poor; but they should be in thousands, not in twos and threes, and they should be a Government business, and not charity amiability affairs.

Large houses are doomed. The "still room" is a thing of the past. The rich are being taxed almost out of existence. Great areas of large houses will be turned more and more into flats, and central administration will become more and more the fashion. In a few years co-operative homes will become the fashion instead of the exception.

When the occupant of the flat leaves home, she does not require to leave a large staff of personal servants doing nothing in her absence, and yet when she comes home the management has had the place cleaned and made ready for her advent after a week, or a month, or a year. It sounds an expensive scheme; but it won't be. It will come cheaper in the end, especially when women architects plan the flats, or remodel the houses, according to womanly requirements, for they will remember the box-room, the cupboards necessary for glass, china, linen, clothes, and coal, and not merely the wine-cellar. Hoarding may be dirty; but space must always be found for treasures.

Co-operative housekeeping will be the order of the day.

Just glance for a moment at a modern workman's dwelling. It contains dozens of families. There is one boiler-room, which each family can have for a few hours each week; but every workman's wife does her own cooking, good, bad, or indifferent, and every workman's wife, with few exceptions, wastes a large proportion of what she might utilise.

If there was one central workman's kitchen, good canteens, such as men have now learned to appreciate through the Y.M.C.A., the family would occasionally feed downstairs, or anyhow the housewife could fetch one, two, or three plates of freshly-cooked meat, properly-cooked meat, and digestible meat for her family, once or twice a week. She could get good nutritious soup made from large bones, with heads of celery, rice and dumplings. All such things are possible in a large kitchen, and soup added by the most nutritious cooking would come cheaper for her. It would be more sustaining for the husband and bairns, and on her own little fire or gas ring she could cook her eggs, kippers or porridge between whiles.

Co-operative houses are bound to come, because economy is the cry of the day. We shall have co-operative housekeeping in streets of small houses, and we shall have co-operative housekeeping in large houses in fashionable neighbourhoods. It is bound to come, and the writer will be glad to hear any suggestions on the subject sent to her, care of the Editor, ENGLISH REVIEW, 19 Garrick Street, W.C.2.

Hotels will be built with small suites; bed-room, sitting-room, bath-room, and with a private door; magnified according to requirements, and the same thing will expand again into whole suites of apartments, always containing tenants' personal furniture. Some people will go downstairs to the restaurant. Some will have the food brought upstairs, others will cook their favourite dishes on a gas ring or in a chafing dish; but when they want to go away from home they will merely pay the rent, and not have to keep two or three servants, board, wages and washing, to say nothing of fire, light and deterioration of goods during their absence.

Co-operative housekeeping will be easier, not only for the tenants, but for everyone. A proper steward and manager, whose job is to manage, will have the entrée to his own kitchen, which many ladies have not. A chef or good woman cook at the head of affairs will direct those under her instead of each of those "under cooks" wasting good stuff in private homes where they are merely experimenting in cooking. Everything must necessarily be more efficient, under more constant and *personal* supervision,

than under the well-meaning women of position and wealth, who are harassed by the complexity of domestic worries, and who are nothing more or less to-day than educated chars. The lady to-day has to know everything. She has to be able to show domestics everything, and instead of being *A* cook, *A* housemaid, *A* parlourmaid, or *A* nurse, she has to do a good bit of the work for everyone, and think out and supervise the rest of it. She is unpaid and often unthanked, and generally homebound.

Our home life must not be allowed to slip away from us. Home life is the backbone of the country. Home life is the map on which are spread the inherited chattels of our forbears, and the slices of our own individual taste. Show me a home and I gauge its occupant. Home life does not mean living in lodgings or a furnished flat; but in one's own single room or rooms, providing one's own goods and chattels, where everything is one's own; where every little article is associated with a little sentiment, and has a little pride of place attached. Those personalities are joys to all of us.

We will apparently live more publicly, because it is cheaper and better; but we will always retire like rabbits to our own warrens, to our own armchairs and writing tables, book-cases, beds and sofas—our own, all our very own. Oh, the joy of these three words, "our very own." In our own room (or rooms) we shall have the privacy so necessary to happiness, to individuality and to home life.

Where possible in a row of co-operative homes, a public laundry, a crêche, a library, a billiard room can be added to the scheme.

Bachelors from 20 to 40 should be taxed 25 per cent. on their incomes, and then there would be more married homes and less undesirable lives. To-day we penalise homes, wives and children to our shame, underpay working women, and allow the bachelors to flaunt their untaxed irresponsible lives, whereas to tax the bachelor would really be an insurance for himself against the day when he marries, because those taxes would help to decrease the taxes of wives and families, so in his day he would reap a like reward.

Great rebuilding schemes will come with the end of the

war. As we build up a better, cleaner society, we must build up better, cleaner homes. Our fighters appreciate their homes more than ever, after the horrors of war. Women, and women alone, can make these homes homey; but the architect of the future must see that everything possible is done to economise labour, to baffle dirt, and erect hot water supplies and kitchens, wash-houses and nurseries according to modern requirements.

Every good life radiates good, just as every bad one leaves an inky smirch. Every happy home produces happy men and women; but to-day every housewife in the land is sadly handicapped and runs her home at unnecessary worry and strain.

Goodness always yields high interest; badness may thrive for a short time, but is always found out. And the same applies to the home.

Life is such a tiny span. It is nothing in the billions of years of this great universe, and yet every life born should leave the world better, not worse, for its transient, and every home should leave its stamp. The home is the cradle of the race.

They say war is the young man's life; it is the old theorist's death.

The nation learnt more in three years of war than in thirty years of peace. Everything developed, every science was keyed to concert pitch, every cord of human feeling vibrated with love and sympathy, hatred and vice. As gold is tried by fire, humanity is tried by war, and our homes must be worthy of all they have cost us to defend.

Speaking of utter waste, a friend lately said:—

"After living in a house for twenty years and always paying a morning visit to the basement, I have come to live in a flat. Sons killed, or on distant service, curtail one's requirements, and two maids do instead of four. Ways and means become a lesson of importance in war-time to the housekeeper. The kitchen fire ate coals, the basement absorbed soaps and polishes, things took to themselves wings, and every domestic's friends were fed on bits at the mistress's expense. Not one of those servants would have stolen a sixpence; but their bringing up, for which we householders pay, forgets to teach them personal thrift, or that a pound of sugar, or a candle, or a piece of soap, or a

cake, belongs to the person who paid for it, and not only should never be taken away, but should never be lost or wasted. Waste of another person's goods is as bad as their theft.

"Flat-life has the objection that one is on top of the servants; but it teaches us many things, amongst them those 'dear things' utter wastefulness.

"'What did you do with the milk?'

"'Oh! there was only a cupful, and it went sour, so I threw it away.'

"She might have filled three or four custard glasses with it and an egg, or made junket for a halfpenny with a tablet of rennet, or the sour curds would have done instead of margarine for the cooking; but she never thought of that. She had not to pay for the milk, and milk to her was valueless.

"'Where is the remainder of that kidney pudding?'

"'There was so little, I put it in the dustbin.' She could have kept the meat for a drop of soup; but no, there it actually lay in the dustbin, with the cherries left over from a tart on top of it. These cherries would have made a foundation for the custard glasses.

"She preferred to air the washing in front of a purposely lighted dining-room gas fire in the afternoon, rather than do it when the gas fire was already lighted an hour before breakfast to warm the room, when it might at the same time have aired the sheets.

"Such an idea as making use for airing linen of a fire already lighted to warm a room never entered her head."

We hear too much of margarine in the dining-room balanced by butter and potatoes in the kitchen. What is good enough for the mistress is oft-times not good enough for the maid. Only lately the writer was told of a young married woman, who, after enduring untold exactions from a nurse—clothing the nurse's charge more gorgeously than necessary to satisfy her, purchasing a new perambulator for her *worthyship* to push with better éclat, and so forth—being given notice on account of stewed steak. "Never in my life," said the outraged domestic, "have I been asked to eat stewed steak; rather than accept such ignominy I will give notice."

"When are you going to be married?" asks a friend of a young couple.

"As soon as ever we can find a servant," replies the young man. And that is the position to-day, because the whole country is full of square pegs and round holes and overlapping and dislocation from lack of organisation.

A servant, and a very common one at that, lately became engaged to an officer. Her mistress asked her if it made much difference—their relative positions in life.

"Difference? Oh, no. I have to travel 1st class now, and go to another sort of RESTERRANT with my Hofficer, that's all."

Could anything be done through the cinema to teach the well-meaning, but insensitive, to play the game of thrift, now that it is the game of national life and death? Well-meaning; yes, people are often well-meaning, and yet are addicted through ignorance to crass and lamentable wastefulness, and a word suggesting thrift from the mistress is interpreted as meanness in the kitchen. One can hardly blame the servants, perhaps, because they are not sufficiently taught thrift,* duty, and discipline in the schools, and the most wasteful homes in the country are the homes of the poor. These "poor" are the rich to-day by the chances of war, and the "rich" are poor through the imposition of endless taxation.

Education should first teach every child to be a good citizen. It should be good in its home, good outside its home, true to the best ideals, and always remember it is just a bit in the puzzle scheme of life, and must do its very best in citizenship.

No one should grow up to depend on anyone else. From our youth onwards we should ourselves provide for our old age. Once the spirit of saving is inculcated, it grows apace like nettles, and stings others who try wrongly to grasp our gains.

* The Duty and Discipline Movement, 117 Victoria Street, S.W., is an excellent institution.

Imperial Aspects of Proportional Representation

By John H. Humphreys

PROPORTIONAL representation is a fundamental change in the method of electing Parliament. But it is more than a mere change in machinery. It is an extension of voting power for each elector. It gives to each elector more freedom in choosing who shall represent him; it gives to each elector an assurance that his vote shall have an equal influence with that of his neighbour in shaping the composition of the House of Commons. Thus proportional representation is a demand for the application of two life-giving principles—liberty and justice—to the election of Parliament. The far-reaching beneficent effects of these two principles will not only be seen in the conduct of elections; they will exert a determining influence on all the important matters which depend on these elections: the *personnel* of Parliament; legislation; the relations between parts of a nation which owe allegiance to the same Parliament; and even the relations between different nations whose Governments rest on a similar democratic basis.

It is clearly impossible in one brief article to do justice to this many-sided question. I propose, therefore, to confine myself to one aspect of it, one which dominates public thought at the present time—its relation to that movement for national and imperial union to which the war has given so great an impetus. All our statesmen are urging that we must take advantage of this new national spirit in the great constitutional and industrial reconstruction that must take place after the war. But what is the instrument through which this reconstruction must be effected? There is no instrument through which a democracy can work save Parliament. We may decry Parliament, but that is useless. Democracy implies representa-

tive institutions, and if our Parliaments are defective we must perfect them, for it is through them that we must reconstruct.

But all Parliaments necessarily come into being through the process of election, and if we desire to perfect them we must begin by improving the machinery which gives them birth. Even were we concerned only with one, the British, Parliament, clearly we need the best method of election available. But the British Parliament is already the mother of twenty-five others within the British Dominions. These also come into being through the process of election, and, although in some matters the Dominions have led the way, it is still true that the example set by Westminster largely inspires and influences the legislation of our fellow-citizens across the seas.

But proportional representation not only touches the electoral basis of existing elected Parliaments. Constitutional questions of high importance lie immediately before us, all of which raise the question of representation—the problem of Ireland, so pressing as to be regarded as a war question; the reconstruction of our Second Chamber; the basis of that Imperial Convention that assuredly must be summoned after the war to consider the necessary constitutional changes in the organisation of the Empire.

I have said enough to indicate how *important* from an Imperial point of view is this question of a right method of election. For these tasks of reconstruction we need a method of election which will assist in so organising the British nations that all British citizens, whatever be their race, religion, or economic position, may be able to co-operate in making the British Commonwealth the most brilliant example of free people living together in willing union for mutual benefit. But our present method of election, instead of promoting such national union, promotes disruption at every turn. It creates solid blocks of representatives based on race, religion, and class, and these solid blocks emphasise and keep alive the forces which keep British citizens apart.

Consider for a moment what our present system is. For the purpose of electing Parliament the country is divided into a number of arbitrarily designed electoral districts, each of which returns one member. This system

so restricts the liberty of the elector as often to make his vote useless. As Mr. H. G. Wells puts it, "The naïve theory on which we go is that all the possible candidates are put up, that each voter votes for the one he likes best, and that the best man wins. The bitter experience is that hardly ever are there more than two candidates," and in many cases neither commands our confidence. This denial of an effective choice of a representative springs directly from the single-member system and from the rule necessarily associated with it that a candidate, to be successful, must obtain the largest number of votes. Candidates, electors, agents are all influenced by the need of getting at all costs a majority of the votes—for on this representation depends.

But if the majority in each of these constituencies can get some sort of representation, what happens to the citizens who are in a minority? They may be almost as numerous as the majority, but, nevertheless, their votes count for nothing. If they had remained at home or had spoiled their ballot papers, the result would have been the same. A large number of citizens in each constituency are thus cut off from direct participation in the national life of their country.

We are now in a position to trace a few of the effects of this system in so far as they touch upon this question of national and imperial union. Let us begin with an example from South Africa. General Botha ever since the grant of self-government has stood for a policy of racial co-operation, for a united South Africa. He has been opposed in this policy by General Hertzog. At the general election in 1915—our British system of single-member areas was in force—General Botha contested fifteen constituencies in the Orange Free State. His candidates polled 36 per cent. of the votes, but, as his supporters were in a minority in each of these constituencies, their votes counted for nothing. They have no representative in the South African Parliament. General Hertzog can claim that, with the exception of the Unionist member for Bloemfontein, he has a solid State behind him—a solid block of representatives who oppose national union. This solid block misrepresents the province; it conveys a false impression which is serious, for publicists think and write in terms of repre-

sentation; it exaggerates the differences between this province and the rest of South Africa.

The effect on national union is disastrous. Sir Percy FitzPatrick, in a recent letter to Earl Grey, referred to the fact that when the South African Constitution was first drafted, the Convention unanimously recommended the adoption of proportional representation for both Houses of Parliament. Some of the political organisations intervened, and they succeeded in cutting out from the Constitution the provision for P.R. in the elections of the Lower House. That was seven years ago. Sir Percy FitzPatrick, who has taken a continuously active part in the life of South Africa, now says: "It was a bad day's work to drop proportional representation, as it left us with an incomplete system, *and I really believe we would not have had either riots or rebellion if we had had the whole thing.*" The Speaker's Conference, like the South African Convention, has unanimously recommended proportional representation. The political organisations, as in South Africa, are intervening for the purpose of cutting it out from the Electoral Reform Bill. If they succeed, can they escape from their share of responsibility for retarding national union across the seas?

But it is not only in South Africa that serious political difficulties arise from differences in race. Complete national union in Canada requires full co-operation between French-speaking Quebec and the Protestant provinces. Last year feeling ran very high in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario over the regulations limiting the use of the French language in the schools of the Protestant province. The Premier of Quebec introduced a Bill to enable the municipalities of Quebec to contribute a portion of their revenues to associations outside the province. This was obviously trespassing upon the rights of the other self-governing provinces. The leader of the Opposition, M. Cousineau, pleaded for action on more constitutional lines. An election took place soon afterwards; he was defeated, and only seven of those who pleaded for a more moderate course were returned out of a House of eighty-four. The electoral system thus tends to create an almost solid block of representatives based on differences of race and religion; it fosters an extreme policy. It goes without saying that

it is of high importance to Canada and to the Empire that moderating opinion should be fully represented not only in the local Legislatures at Quebec and at Toronto, but in the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. But the electoral system excludes moderating opinion.

These illustrations from the Dominions remind us that racial and religious differences are not peculiar to Ireland. Such differences, unfortunately, exist, but no statesman working for national union can desire that those differences should be exaggerated in our Parliaments, and our present electoral system does exaggerate them. Ever since 1885 there has existed within the House of Commons a political brick wall between the representatives of the north-east and the rest of Ireland. The minorities in the north and in the south have had no voice in Parliament; the blocks of representatives are practically solid. When a representative of moderate opinion, such as Sir Horace Plunkett, succeeds in entering the House, he cannot retain his position for long. But if moderate Irish opinion, as well as the minorities in the north and the south, had been represented in Ireland, we should have had a truer conception of the magnitude of the differences between Ulster and the rest of Ireland, and, just as Sir Percy FitzPatrick declares that there would not have been either riots or rebellion in South Africa if there had been true representation of all the citizens everywhere, so it is almost certain that we should have had far less talk of civil war in Ireland if we had had a more accurate representation of all Irish citizens in all parts of the country.

These views as to the influence of proportional representation on national union are not based merely upon speculation. The system has been tested in a country (Belgium) whose citizens are divided by race and religion. The Germans are taking advantage of these differences in their nefarious endeavours to split Belgium into two parts, setting Flanders against Wallony. But Belgian statesmen had long worked for national union, and proportional representation aided them in their policy. Count Goblet d'Alviella, a member of the present Belgian National Ministry, and other distinguished Belgian Parliamentarians, declare that P.R. helped to prevent a schism of their country. This is an important declaration. I doubt

whether Sir Percy FitzPatrick was aware of it when he stated that he believed there would have been neither riots nor rebellion in South Africa if they had had P.R., but the two statements confirm one another, and no statesman who is working for national union can afford to pass them lightly aside.

What were the facts in Belgium? Before the introduction of proportional representation Flanders, Catholic in religion, Flemish-speaking, sent a solid block of representatives of one party to the Belgian Parliament, whilst Wallony, Protestant, free-thinking, French-speaking, sent another solid block of representatives, who sat in the Belgian Parliament on benches facing the men from Flanders. When proportional representation was introduced, these solid blocks disappeared; the minorities in Flanders, the minorities in Wallony each sent their share of representatives; the political brick wall between the two districts was thus broken down; each area was represented by members of all parties, and national union was promoted and secured. On this point let Belgian statesmen speak. I had the privilege of being present when M. Poincaré, himself an advocate of proportional representation, received the representatives of foreign countries who had gathered at Paris in 1912 to demonstrate the international character of this reform. Among the Belgian representatives received were M. Hymans (Liberal, now the Belgian Minister in London), M. Théodor (Conservative), M. Lorand (Radical), M. Anseele (Socialist). All these testified to the fact that national union was promoted, and that legislation in Parliament had become more national in character. M. Lorand repeated this view at the International Demonstration which took place in London in the following year, in December, 1913. These are his words:

"The prestige of Parliament has undoubtedly advanced, and the Government has been able to tackle problems of national interest, such as that of national defence, which it would not have dared to touch when, by doing so, it might have offended the representatives of some powerful faction of its party, whose interests or prejudices would be interfered with by the reform."

Thus both theory and practical experience show that our present electoral system acts as a disruptive force wherever there are within a nation differences of race and of religion; but theory and practical experience equally

demonstrate that proportional representation, by giving full representation to minorities and to moderating opinion, minimises such differences, and in so doing encourages and promotes national union.

But religion and race are not the only factors which keep citizens in the same nation apart. Industrial questions also divide a nation. Industrial reconstruction is as necessary as constitutional rearrangements. But this involves legislation by Parliament bearing upon the relations between labour and capital. Again, our electoral system acts as a disruptive force; it creates solid blocks of representatives based upon class, and in so doing prevents that co-operation of all classes on which legislation of a broad national character depends.

Let us take an illustration from another of our Dominions—Australia. It has the widest possible suffrage, and, with the exception of Tasmania, it has our system of single-member constituencies. What is the result? In a recent tour through Australia I discussed political problems with representatives of all classes. I found that the mining districts of Western Australia were represented in their local Parliament by ten members. Every member was a working miner. The President of the Chamber of Mines explained to me that he had a vote, but that it was of no value. He and those who were responsible for the organisation of the industry had no possible chance of ever being represented in Parliament. They were, in fact, permanently disfranchised. Take another illustration. The city of Adelaide is represented by fifteen members of the Labour Party. Those who do not belong to the organised Labour Party spoke to me with the same bitter feeling of injustice as did the President of the Chamber of Mines at Boulder City. The non-Labour citizens of Adelaide, numbering 40 per cent., had no representative, and had little prospect of ever having one. The more far-seeing members of the Labour Party realise that such conditions do not make for real democracy. The President of the Miners' Union, whom I met in West Australia, convinced of the injustice of the present system, went with me to the President of the Chamber of Mines, and both consented to take part in a deputation to the Premier of their State to press for the introduction of a

fairer system of representation—and, of course, there is only one fair system, proportional representation.

Our present electoral system lends itself to a new form of tyranny on the part of party organisations. The Labour organisations in Australia exact a pledge from would-be candidates that they will vote in accordance with the views of the majority. Some question, such as that of military service, may arise on which members of the party may differ. The candidates may hold sound Labour views on other questions, but, as has recently been seen, the organisations used their power to expel from the party those who did not accept the views of the majority on military service. These expulsions have been termed acts of tyranny, and they are. But it is forgotten that these organisations are following the example set them in this country. Although no such pledge was extracted from Unionist Free Traders as is exacted by the Labour organisations of Australia, the present electoral system enabled the Unionist associations to deprive Unionist Free Trade candidates of an effective opportunity of entering Parliament, and yet those Unionist Free Traders were Unionists; they were citizens entitled to a fair share of representation in Parliament.

The system will give electors everywhere an enhanced voting power. But my object in this article is to arouse attention to its Imperial aspects. Neither members of Parliament, political agents, nor electors at the centre of the Empire have any right to take parochial Little-England points of view. The British House of Commons cannot help setting an example. The Speaker's Conference has given it a lead. It has unanimously recommended that a beginning shall be made with this new system in our large towns. The door is opened but a little way, and the system will not be applied in constituencies large enough to show its full qualities. But it is a beginning, and as such the advocates of proportional representation, whilst not content, welcome it, and they welcome it the more because they know that its results will make for national union in this country, in Ireland, in the Dominions, and in so doing will pave the way for that greater union which one day will find expression in a true Imperial Parliament.

What is the German Plan?

By Major Stuart-Stephens

MOLTKE used to throw cold water on the boasting of his subordinates over the Homeric achievements of 1870 by reminding them that the German Army had never been tested in a general retreat. To-day it is being tested, not in a general retreat, as is imagined by many good people in this country, but in a strategic withdrawal of its left flank. As the operation developed itself, certain of our incurable optimists expressed their conviction that the Germans were on "the eve of a full retreat all along the line," and that at last would come the opportunity as rapid and relentless as that executed by Murat after Jena, or Blucher after Waterloo. Oh, *sancta simplicitas!*

Our Press has periodically oscillated between extreme lugubriousness and superlative cocksureness. Just now we are living under both these influences at one and the same time—lean stomachs and swollen heads. The latter because the real meaning of Hindenburg's defensive measures on the Western Front has eluded the understanding of the British newspaper reader. These measures are based on a thorough appreciation of the existing military situation. They were devised in 1911 by the late Chief of the General Staff, General Falkenhayn, when he was a Corps Commander, were submitted to and adopted by Moltke the Second, and on his dismissal were, in the leisure intervals of the second Polish campaign, elaborated by their creator, Moltke's successor.

They provide for two alternatives. One, the "refusal" of the left flank, followed by complementary flank advance, pivoted upon Lille, or perhaps further north, with the design of attracting a concentration and forward movement of British and French forces opposed to the retiring flank. The last word in this strategic movement has, as I write (April 12th), not yet been said.

The other alternative plan is that of a retrograde movement *en échelon* to a previously fortified line stretching from Antwerp diagonally across Belgium to Maubeuge, ending in Liége and Namur. This rampart would be found by us a Torres Vedras over again, a stop to our progress extending from the Scheldt to the confluence of the Meuse and Sambre. The question of the hour is: Which of these plans is in progress? Is it the launching of a thrust at the coast region with the view of severing our armies' life-arteries—the steel ways from Calais and Havre? Or is the object the manning of a real secondary line (the so-called "Hindenburg line" is, I believe, a fantastic bluff thrown out to feed the imagination), from which would in due season be projected a field army after the garrison had worked their will upon the assailants? Hindenburg as a Commander-in-Chief enjoys from the moral point of view a wholly exceptional position. His opinions sway his War Lord and Government, at whose behest the German people will make the last sacrifices to maintain the efficiency of their armies in the field; and the relations of Hindenburg with his men enable him to say when the outlook is gloomiest—*Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro.* Furthermore, he is by no means in favour of the defensive battle, although its (theoretic) superiority has been extolled by Clausewitz and Moltke.

Should an army be compelled to assume a defensive mission—and the present is a case in point—it would best achieve its purpose by resolute offensive action—the offensive-defensive phase of which I wrote last month in this REVIEW. This is the Hindenburg spirit as revealed by a study of the man. He has always rejected any fixed formula or "normal type" of action, and insisted upon the adaptation of the means available to the circumstances of each case. For example, his methods as exemplified at Tannenburg. And he holds the fixed opinion that strategy of a campaign (governed, of course, by strategy's eternal basic principles) is the product of the character and intelligence of the Commander-in-Chief, and bears the stamp of his personality. Therefore, taking into account the psychology of the German leader, a series of holding actions on one sector of his front while meditating a vigorous offensive in another direction would be the

expression of his mental tendency. And if this plan failed to materialise, I believe he is just the man who would extricate himself from the resultant difficulties—at a cost goes without saying—and, after conducting an open manœuvring retirement across the western strip of Belgium, "bring up" at the real "Hindenburg line," that which I have already indicated. Such a policy would be in thorough accord with the teaching of my quondam Berlin acquaintance, Scheoff-Meckel, the creator of the victorious Japanese Army, and be it borne in mind that when Meckel drew up the new attack formations for the German infantry, he invited to assist him a regimental commander, one Colonel Hindenburg, who has expressed himself as an enthusiastic admirer of the author of that wonderful Teutonic military phantasy, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.* All these things count when endeavouring to get inside a Prussian officer's skin, so to speak. I was once privileged to hear Meckel lecturing at the Kriegs Akademie on "Retirements as Opposed to Retreats," and this is what was said by the man whose strategic principles were absorbed and successfully utilised by the Mikado's General Staff: "The advantages resulting from the choice of terrain, knowledge of locality, and the preliminary assembly of troops, which makes it possible to offer a sanguinary opposition one way or another for a certain time, are more than counteracted by moral considerations which (owing to permanent psychological conditions entirely apart from the improvements introduced into weapons and equipment) result in the subordination of the defender to the assailant. *And the larger the force* the more disadvantageous does the defensive type of operations become. The conviction of superior strength, *whether it be well founded or not*, never fails to act on the assailant to the detriment of his adversary." This is now the Hindenburg creed as taught by Meckel. If he goes back to the powerful Anvers—Nemours chain of position, it will be not retiring solely under weight of crushing blows, but as the pugilist who every now and then will give as good as he gets. Let us see what form his defensive battles are likely to assume if—and it is still a big "if"—the attempt to prolong his right flank across our

* See "My Lesson from Secret Service," by Major Stuart-Stephens, ENGLISH REVIEW, August, 1916.

northern communications is not attempted, or, if attempted, is frustrated. As the hopes of success increase with the strength of the general reserve, the forces to be disposed along the reversed front of a retiring German force would, comparatively to the strength of the retiring force, be sparingly allotted. This is accomplished by halting at a pre-chosen position with an extensive field of fire and at least one strong flank. The Germans place their general reserve at the opening of an engagement at the most unsecured flank with the preconceived idea of an enveloping movement being the motive for a counter-attack. The frontal line would be thinly held by rifles stiffened by the usual vast proportion of German machine-guns At the given moment the massed reserves would be launched before a corresponding force could be assembled to meet the offensive attack, for which object the newly discovered million German reserves are in all probability being saved. As such a series of retarding actions developed themselves, so would increase the time needed for the pushing to the front in force of our supports in view of the lengthening of our lines of communications, and, on the other hand, the numerical supremacy of the enemy due to his ever-shortening lines to his own main railway system. After each halt, culminating in a counter-attack *en masse*, the succeeding pause would be of longer duration owing to the tantalising feature of this wonderful war that the pace of our supports is governed by the transport of heavy positional guns, and the facility with which these monsters can be moved within effective range is solely dependent upon the rate at which light railway construction can be maintained. And then comes the rectification of range registry, which in its turn is dependent upon our ability to meet on much more than equal terms the capacity of the German aircraft corps. And at present we cannot presume superiority in ourselves on that vital feature of the new factor in reconnaissance. Altogether a great German retirement, if such is to be the alternative to a counter-move on the northern French coast, present features that would involve more than a summer and autumn fairly open campaign.

More than thirty years' study of the German doctrine of war, which is to attack, always to attack, to attack no

less in a retirement than in an advance, convinces the writer that if Hindenburg deems it the "sound game" to take up an ultimate deployment on the diagonal line across Belgium, we shall witness a series of "battles of manœuvre," such as in the Peninsula or in certain phases of the great American Civil War were as remarkable for the appalling casualties they involved as for the skill with which they were fought. At each predetermined position on the field of retirement the German Generalissimo will, like an old grey wolf of the veldt, turn and show his teeth and spring at the pursuer's throat. And these battles will in all human probability be fought on the same broad principle. That is, the enemy's ability will be shown less in making feints than in the sudden development of very strong forces in action. The Germans manœuvre according to a preconceived idea, and, convinced that the great end is to obtain superiority, they consider that envelopment offers the simplest and most trustworthy method of bringing into line more rifles, field guns, and field howitzers than the adversary, before that adversary's colossal pieces have time to participate in the conflict. On a front of some two hundred and fifty miles, which would cover the area of withdrawal, the natural configuration favours the fighting of about eight rearguard general actions.

Now, allowing for the concomitant recuperative intervals of "rest and be thankful," that would mean that we would have before us a period of fierce and sanguinary fighting which may last till well into October.

This conclusion is based, as I have before stated, on some insight into the military doctrine of our foes, the principles on which all their military education is based, the study of the writings of their chosen teachers, an intimately personal acquaintance when in Germany with the chiefs of their great war machine, and having paid close attention to the way in which *the* man who counts, Field-Marshal Hindenburg, put into practice Meckel's lessons at the autumn manœuvres before he was placed *en retraite* by his War Lord, and, lastly, in carefully watching his resolutions and action in actual war. If we are to obtain any glimmer of certainty in these days when the fog of war is thickest, if we are to interpret aright the scant information that is doled out to us, we must study the soul

and brain of the German Army, and, above all, seek to acquire a knowledge of the character of its leader. Stonewall Jackson said to the Chief of his Staff, "I have known from long way back 'Joe' Banks; his nature is always to fight, but he has not head enough to win. General Banks will always be licked, so have the orders made out for an advance round his left flank, and I'll cut into his rear." Another instance of the weighing up of an opponent's moral equipment was given to me by General Lee's brother. Years after the conclusion of the mighty struggle in the North American Continent the erstwhile Confederate Commander-in-Chief confided to his relative: "I knew Macclenan at West Point and in Mexico; he was by temperament cautious—his enemies used to say too much so. I felt certain when he was facing me in the earlier days of the war, that after his army had been in action he would take a month to reorganise it; not that it was necessary, but because he *thought* it was so." It is to be hoped that this spirit of mental analysis of an antagonist obtains in our own General Staff. And it is to be equally hoped that an extra half-million men will be at Sir Douglas Haig's disposal at the allotted date, when their aid will certainly be required, and their absence may never be forgiven.

Germany *versus* the World

By Austin Harrison

When the German General Staff set out upon its bid for European dominion in 1914, without a doubt it left out of account the New World, and, incidentally, the vital significance of sea-power. The attack upon France was to be of a hurricane swiftness, leading to a smashing decision long before England could raise and arm forces important enough to render her Ally effective assistance—certainly long before the trade arteries kept free by the British Navy could be utilised with serious military consequences to the ends and achievements of German arms. But the German Staff had also misjudged the readiness and artillery efficiency of Russia, and so once more the eternal laws of war—one of which is that a campaign wrongly started cannot be retrieved—operated with catastrophic result to the German plan at the historic battle of the Marne, the negative issue of which has conditioned the positional stagnation on the Western front from that date till the German retreat in March of this year. That retreat, in itself proclaiming the German abdication of victory on the West, is the result of sea-power, of our use of what the Americans style the *differential* neutrality of the United States.

The entry of America into the war, carrying with her the support of South America, leaves Germany at war literally with the world. History knows no analogy to such a situation. In defying civilisation Germany has raised civilisation against her. As a tragedy of human folly, Germany's position is an epic beyond the compass even of a Napoleon. In challenging World-power, she has provoked against her the power of the world.

In the first month of the war I wrote (September, 1914):—"All that Germany has achieved in world-power she will lose. The war will *knit together not only the*

English peoples, but the entire English-speaking world. It is impossible for America not to feel the repercussion of the great European disaster; it is inconceivable that she should not respond to it. She will. As blood is thicker than water, so this Teutonic invasion, which is nothing less than an onslaught on civilisation, will kindle in the entire English-speaking world that union of spirit and sentiment which hitherto has been lacking—the brotherhood of a common civilisation, built up on the pillars and altar of freedom. Instead of the consolidation of the Germanic peoples—the object of the Kaiser's war—it is the English-speaking nations who will perforce be welded together, united in a common cause. One of the great principles which this war will bring before humanity will be a settled standard of civilisation, the standard as set by England in support of France. In this trust England and America will be as one."

At the time—the words were actually written during the battle of Mons—the idea of so long and terrible a war spreading to America, forcing her in her own despite to come in to save Old Europe, was considered grotesque, so little did we understand the task which faced us; and if I quote them now, it is because, though there is little to-day to add to them, there is much need of their consideration. At this hour we will do well to measure the motives of America's action, which has a moral significance that we, in the mist and passion of war, have somewhat lost sight of; which now at all costs we must regain and reaffirm. For America's attestation is our attestation. It is her war as it is our war—the war of liberation from the shackles and effete survivals of feudal, theocratic civilisation—and in entering it she seeks to end it. It behoves us very earnestly to understand this impersonal gage of the New World thrown down in the cause of a common Democracy now and for the future, even as we in the finest gesture of our age took up the sword as guerdon.

Probably no nation ever declared war so judicially or more judiciously, in which respect Mr. Wilson's policy has established a precedent which may well form a his-

torical landmark in the gentle art of making war. Mr. Wilson, who staggered Old Europe with his pronouncement that America was "too proud to fight," who yesterday was the butt of the globe, to-day takes his place as the spiritual Head of the new scientific civilisation, the very Christ of European liberties. We who ridiculed him now acclaim him as redeemer. "That clinches it," says the man in the street. Hey, presto! Here we all are grovelling at the President's feet, just as a few weeks ago we lampooned him for a most pedantic and ridiculous old gentleman. We think in extremes, that is all. But Americans do not think in extremes; quite the contrary, in fact; and we shall make another gross mistake if we cradle this fresh comic Press illusion that now that Wilson has "bucked" we have little more to do than to get out the flags.

America's declaration of war is in reality an extraordinarily interesting event. For one thing, it denotes a complete break in the American attitude which hitherto has regarded Europe as outside the sphere of New World interest, even as the Monroe doctrine proclaimed the Americas to be outside the pale of Europe. Her action thus links up the Old and the New Worlds in a way never before conceived of, attesting a singleness of civilisation or moral purpose, heralding a new era of human progress. It makes the American July celebrations (of liberation) as anachronistic as those we still furtively record in effigy on the fifth of November in memory of a plot that few men know even the nature of. We and the Americans come together, as it were, overnight, like old friends. Our voice, our cause, our heart are one. Our own vitals return to us, so to speak, to ensure and perpetuate our cause. From the New World England rises to redress the balance of bleeding Europe, to carry on, to reconstruct. As a test of civilisation it is unique. It is our supreme self-justification. Unquestionably we may find here the basis of a wider humanity, the effects of which cannot fail to influence beneficially the new Europe that will emerge from the ruins of war to struggle to a higher plane. In this sense let us clasp America's hand, but at the same time let us understand this new spiritual integration.

Americans, who are almost pedantically juridical in their relations with mankind, have spoken of their differential neutrality, which means, of course, that they have been supplying the Allies with war materials to such an extent that even the adjective "benevolent" cannot legally be used to cover the case. A glance at American exports will show the immense military service rendered to us, in which connection *The Economist* published the following statistics (March 17th):—

	1914.	1915.	1916.
Explosives—	$	$	$
Cartridges	6,567,122	25,408,079	55,103,904
Dynamite	1,213,600	1,509,050	4,173,175
Gunpowder	289,893	66,922,807	263,423,149
All other	1,966,972	95,129,957	392,875,078
Total.....	10,037,587	188,969,893	715,575,306
Firearms	5,146,867	12,166,481	42,125,169

The export of explosives has thus been multiplied seventy-one times since 1914. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that without the American munition supplies there would have been no battle of the Somme, and that we could not possibly have produced the explosives and material which have enabled us to obtain the necessary superiority over the Germans, which fact alone accounts for the seeming madness of the German submarine policy with regard to America. We may state it openly, now that America has declared war, that without this help the cause of Europe would have been lost; indeed, recognition of this truth here is essential to the common partnership before us, for an entirely erroneous view has been held here concerning America's contribution, stupidly fostered by an unintelligent censorship, thereby giving rise to an utterly false estimate of America and to no small amount of ignorant ill-feeling.

In *The New Republic*, an organ reputed to be in personal touch with the President, America's attitude is carefully insisted upon. The editors urge the President to throw off the legal tangle of policy and declare boldly that in defying German sea terrorism she is serving the interest of a "liberal society." Evidently *The New Republic* is somewhat sensitive on the score of commercialism—the accusation, that is, that America is fighting to defend her war export trade. It admits that America's differential

neutrality has been deliberate, because the Allies have proclaimed themselves the friends of a "vital American" interest, whereas Germany has shown herself the enemy of it; and it therefore calls for a statement of national right as distinct from the legal complexion which is no longer the specific truth. And this declaration leads logically to the moral purpose of America in engaging upon war.

Listen again to *The New Republic*. It says that "so far as the United States is concerned, it will not be a party to schemes of conquest and subjugation. Its influence cannot be employed to wage war beyond the time when an honourable peace can be established." America thus makes war consequentially, with the moral purpose of stabilising the relations of the Powers, with the positive object of securing an organised peace based upon a League of Nations. It is important we should fully realise this. America has entered the war to secure our victory, but she has also entered the war to affirm a spiritual right in its settlement, to dispense of her humanities, and to prevent, so far as she is able, a vindictive solution which would be no solution at all. All this is involved and implied in American belligerency. If her aim is to prevent the assertion of Hohenzollern tyranny, her aim is equally to prevent the superimposition of any other form of militarist tyranny, to search rather for an enlightened peace as impersonal in her case as in ours. America's object is to emerge from the war as a member of a securer international order founded on a league for peace, and this is the meaning of America's hostility to German ambitions. She has gone to war to crush out the Kaiser's philosophy of violence and to remove it from the tenets of civilisation, to help raise old and shackled Europe out of her mediæval gyves and superstitions, to establish a higher code of national and international comity. In this policy she has been guided by events, and had Europe been strong enough to resist the Germanic invasion alone, doubtless America would have stood aloof, but without America Europe would in all probability have succumbed. America has been our arsenal, our nursery, our emporium. That is the meaning of German submarine ruthlessnes; that is the reason of American intervention.

Militarily, America's intervention may be regarded chiefly as moral, for this year at any rate, in that it will operate chiefly to deprive the Germans of their belief in a settlement obtained by force and so hasten a readiness for genuine conciliation and compromise; but this is probably not the German view, which sees Europe, and consequently a peace settlement, from the angle of strategic considerations. The question is: Do we also see the peace settlement in that light; in which case, are we reconciled to what will undoubtedly be the price of American active participation, namely, the *rôle*, positive and negative, that she will naturally play in the negotiations? Democracy is told nothing about these things. There is, I believe, a grave danger in this ignorance of ours, due to the suppression of opinion which has become an absolute scandal. What our Government thinks certainly no man in Parliament knows, and nobody outside it. Yet this question will have to be faced, especially in view of Mr. George's "knock-out" asseverations, otherwise we may discover that it will be America who will be the spiritual leader at the "round table," or Russia, or perhaps one of the associate Republics of South America.

America has not come in on a "knock-out" policy—that is what we have to know. She has not joined cause with us to aid and abet a transvaluation of Imperialist power, to eviscerate Germany for some other nation's benefit. Her business will be to end this war and seek to put an end to the atmosphere of war, however problematical this may to-day appear, or however distant in its realisation. Such is her reason of statesmanship as a fighting Ally. She identifies herself with our civilisation. She will fight for Europe to regenerate Europe, to free and democratise her. And she will do this essentially as an English-thinking responsibility in the spirit and in memory of Lafayette: who gave to her the freedom of the New World.

The entry of America following on the Russian Revolution gives the war a spiritualism which distinguishes it from all other wars. It has become a crusade. Everywhere doors are opening; all over the world men are

conscious of an intellectual growth which is the one great hopeful sign in this gigantic madness. We see this in all directions. In Russia the suppression of drink led almost fatalistically to the benign or sober revolution which swept away for ever the forces and principles of theocratic Russia and the machinery that survived of the "Holy Alliance." In France it has led to a regeneration of virility and national pride which must fain lead France into a happier and greater future. Here we have discovered an Imperial solidarity few men even dreamt of, and the word on every man's lips is "Reconstruction." The Europe of Bismarckian blood and iron is purging itself in its own fire, as it were, a judgment. The madness of Europe armed to the teeth has culminated in its inevitable delirium. Europe is at war to close the pages of history as written by the Carlyles and hero-worshippers of kings and battlefields in order that a new Europe may arise, more scientific, more just, more immanently democratic, more social in the service of Man.

The spirit of Attila must be crushed—such is the higher purpose of the war. Till then there can be no relaxation of resolve or effort. The fell work of war must continue, must endure at all costs for the sake of the humanity that will follow us, that it may progress and unfold upwards. Perhaps the strangest thing in all this is its inevitableness, the certainty of such a conflagration as the result of the old European system of armaments and secret diplomacy or international game played in the vested interests of kings and ambitious statesmen, and latterly of outrageous commercialism. It is this vicious system of antiquated Europe, with its false symbols and negational tyrannies, that America has taken up arms to help destroy. Her trumpet is the blare of democracy. It would have been difficult for her to align herself with the Western Powers under a Tsarist Russia, but now that Russia has emancipated herself, the truth of America is free to strike for an integral freedom.

This truth the Germans are historically lacking in. The real misfortune of Germany dates from the accession of the present Kaiser, who is that most dangerous of human

compounds, a religious tyrant. It is he who has educated Germany to believe in war as a religion; who, gathering around him only sycophants and mediocrities, caught the German people in the triumph of their victories of 1870 and degraded them to his feudal ends. He has never tolerated any man of brains about him. "Leave the Socialists to me," he said in his impetuous vanity twenty years ago; to-day only the Socialists can save him. When the Emperor laid down his Avenue of Victory in Berlin, with its statuary of Markgrafs and Prussian kings, he unconsciously wrote his own epitaph. The Germans will some day view that lane of Imperial sorrow with an intellectual shame. They will look back and wonder at their servility to the anachronism of Potsdam, to that mediæval madman who raised the forces of the world against them. And they too will cry: "Never again." They have dared downfall; they must needs learn from it, and what they will learn is humility.

If it is through adversity that men become great, then surely Europe can look forward with an immense hope. That hope is the warden and watchword of the war—otherwise what are we fighting for? As we look upon this incredibly fierce struggle, history, as we know it, seems to be closing up—before our very eyes. Through and above it all the light of a new life rises, heralding a saner and infinitely more constructive epoch in which the nations will cease to think in terms of military geography like so many caged animals kept on the leash of kings. What we can descry already is the coming of Democracy—the significance, that is, of Man as opposed to the old insignificance of privilege with its unlimited power of evil. The war will give us that, or it will give us nothing at all. The alternative is unthinkable. We have to win this war, or there will be no salvation. By winning I mean correction. We have to compel the Germans to renounce their policy of conquest, their doctrine of violence, their mediæval stratocracy; and when we have accomplished that task our Anglo-Saxon part will have been done.

But we must be careful not ourselves to get engulfed in the maelstrom. We have grave things to settle here, fore-

most among which is Ireland. If we are wise we will treat Ireland in the spirit of the hour, or we must expect to be treated by her with that spirit. In these convulsive, liberating times the past is no precedent. We also have to think afresh, to start out anew, to give that we may receive. Like love. Like war, for which men give of their highest. The Irish question is in reality but an historical legacy; it is no longer a modern, a scientific problem, and but for the vanity and littleness of politicians it would long ago have settled itself, fusing in the evolution of things. Unfortunately, Ulster became a Conservative, aristocratic cry associated with the battle of the Lords, yet it is not an English Conservative interest; it is merely a political interest vested with a spurious and equally antiquated religious temporalism which the war has proved to be fictitious. It is our English association with Ulster which has again divided Ireland—minority politics. To-day this wretched pseudo-aristocratic mock religious question is an affront both to our intelligence and to our cause. It has no reality in our Imperial composition. If the Prime Minister cannot muster courage to solve it, assuredly it will solve and dissolve him, for its solution is written on the wall.

The war may be prolonged into another year, but that the German plot will now be broken may be regarded as humanly certain. Germany cannot hope to defy the world. By our positive victory at Arras we have given proof of our power to force the struggle to its bitter end, if need be, so that it is just possible the Germans may accept the inevitable betimes and admit their failure. Personally I am doubtful so long as the German people believe in their leaders, which is the real point, and not in the least their allegiance to the Monarchy, for there are many kings in Germany, and nothing is more foreign to the German mind than the sense or sanction of Democracy. But taking the long view to-day, we can see Canossa. We can see an ending to the war, which will not leave things as they were; which will clear out the dungeons and dunghills of Old Europe and lead us constructively saner to the democratic liberties of the New World.

Gott Strafe all Intellect!

By Austin Harrison

THE restrictions placed upon *The Nation* once more raise the question of the censorship, for Mr. George's explanations and those of Mr. Bonar Law in the House cannot be regarded as adequate. Heaven knows I do not often agree with Mr. Massingham or with the Party fixity of idea of *The Nation*, but Mr. Massingham's intellectual honesty is unquestionable; his courage and principle stand above censorship valuation. The question is whether the Government is to be allowed to suppress opinion for no other reason than that it does not like it; in which question the Press as a body is concerned. The accusation is that some words written in *The Nation* were dispiriting to the soldiers. Now this is fantastic. The use of the word "soldiers" was academic; it carried with it no slur, nor can such a criticism legitimately be described as nationally harmful, unless *all* criticism is to be suspended and the Press is to become a mere Hurrah machine at the beck and call of the Government.

Then what about St. Ermin's? What about the criticisms which gave us shells? Mr. George *owes his position as Prime Minister to newspaper criticism*, and but for it we should *certainly have lost the war.*

But all that is obvious. It is ridiculous as a pretext after the publication of the Dardanelles Report, which officially denounced our whole political and military system *coram populo* and all our celebrities to boot. No newspaper could possibly say anything half so damning as that, though Mr. George was a member of the Government at the time and failed to resign. What is the meaning, then, of this blow at intellectual opinion? The answer is because it is intellectual. We fear ideas. We despise the artist or creative mind, and so because Mr. Massingham writes intellectually, and not Party-servilely or commercially down

to the mob, he is singled out as a whipping-post. "He ain't got no friends"—that is the idea. Intellect can always be downed in free England. How is it Mr. George did not suppress the *Morning Post* when it attacked him so fiercely—before that organ, *mirabile dictu*, hailed him as dictator? Here is the whole world engaged in fighting Germany, and here are we growing so jumpy about intellectual opinion that we are afraid of gentle Mr. Massingham. Mr. Asquith never played policeman, though he was the object of criticism for two years. Why does Mr. George show himself so "nervy"?

Mr. George has made another mistake. If he intends to fasten and perpetuate his bureaucracy on us by silencing opinion, then he had better placard Trafalgar Square with the fact, and we shall know where we stand.

His own speeches have been far more quoted in the German Press than Mr. Massingham's spiritualism, which is very similar to Mr. Wilson's, and so have Sir E. Carson's "warnings." Are we to understand that the standard of the British Press is the measure of German Press quotation? Will the censorship suppress *The New Republic*, which is particularly frank about America's aims and activities? Why not suppress Mr. Bottomley for a false prophet?

Russia has a free Press to-day. So has America. Is intellect to abdicate? Are we to be merely Mr. George's chorus to supply good Marconigrams? I think Mr. George will be well advised to take thought. Before the war he was every bit as wrong about Germany as Mr. Massingham, and more unpardonably ignorant. Our unpreparedness was far more his fault than any fault of the Radical *Nation*. It is not a fine act on his part, not a Celtic gesture.

But let us test this case. Now the Irish refuse to fight for Britain, yet so timorous is the Government that it refrains from all attempt to enforce the law of the land, which abstention can only be described as an anti-military act. Against that activity set Mr. Massingham's passivity. Because in his intellectual weekly he advocates or tries to advocate a peace not on "knock-out" lines—as a fact, history shows that few wars have ended with "knock-outs"—he is regarded as so dangerous that his newspaper is prevented from leaving these shores. I ask: Can paradox

go further? Can inconsistency be more flagrant? Can the dispensations of so-called democratic rule be more grotesquely eccentric? The Irish act of refusal—whether right or wrong from their point of view is beside the question—constitutes a unique insubordination in war, besides constituting a highly important moral and material loss. As against this, Mr. Massingham's intellectual Wilsonism is a pigmy offence—if it be an offence. Indeed, logically, if Massingham does not want to fight (which is not the case), why, then, he comes into line with the Irish, and should, according to the Government's own finding, be treated with the immunity shown to the Irish. At the most that is Mr. Massingham's "crime." He is not an extremist. Now if moderation is evil, it follows that the Irish, exempted for their conscientious objections, must be right; in other words, the Government respects force, but has no respect for the intellectual.

More than ever we need our intellectual forces to-day. The spectacle of Britain nervously suppressing Mr. Massingham while Russia frees opinion and Mr. Wilson and America enter upon war with the spiritualism of a true Christianity is not dignified. Our business is to lead in action and in thought. If we fail intellectually or spiritually, the lead will pass to America, which will not be to our credit and may not be to our interest. There is in reality not the smallest reason for suppressing opinion with the odds of the world against Germany; rather it should be encouraged to construct and inspire. We shall need all the intellect we can get. Suppression shows fear, which is a base thing. Why in the name of common sense, then, is Mr. George so fearful?

In the first year and a half of the war a strong censorship unquestionably was necessary, owing to our ignorance of war, and so long as we attempted to fight on the voluntary or casual principle pacifist and disintegrating opinion was, in fact, a military offence. But that time has passed. We have learnt; the will to win is everywhere paramount. Mr. Massingham's real offence in the eyes of the authorities lies in attempting to preach that very Liberalism which Mr. Wilson proclaims to be the reason of American belligerency. Surely this is unworthy of our own truth. It is the Massingham tendency which is objected to, for the

soldiers do not read *The Nation*, and the idea that all constructive thought is to cease during military operations is untenable. That is the point. It is a point which will have to be threshed out, or the Press can no longer claim either dignity or responsibility.

Is the intellect of this country to have no right of say in the settlement of this so-called People's War? Is the secret diplomacy of thrones to become merely the secret diplomacy of Cabinets? Are we to understand that in the vitally important reconstitution of Europe opinion is to have no voice, and that we are to be at the mercy of Mr. George's impulses and impositions? For that is what this restriction amounts to. It means the abdication of intellectual and moral force, which in reality is the quintessential need of the day here and in Europe.

All this fussiness is discreditable, and must lead to a violent reaction sooner or later. There is also the case of Mr. Bertrand Russell, one of the foremost thinkers of the age, who is treated like a social outlaw, in reality merely because his ideas are in advance of the time, and so distasteful. But this is no sign of strength. Very much the contrary. Our persecution of Mr. Russell resembles unpleasantly the Catholic Church's persecution of Galileo; and some day we shall be ashamed of it. I think it is time we considered these things, for if there is one thing Mr. George cannot appoint a Controller of, it is the mind and the honour and spiritualism that spring from it.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE public are again earnestly requested to note that from May 1st the REVIEW will be on a limited sale owing to Governmental restrictions. All readers are therefore advised to place their orders early at their respective bookstalls and bookshops, or direct at THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 19 Garrick Street, W.C.2, failing which they may find themselves unable to procure a copy.

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The next three numbers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will contain a continuation of

MAXIM GORKI'S Autobiography, Part II

and articles by :—

The MASTER OF BALLIOL
SIR HENRY NEWBOLT
D. H. LAWRENCE

and

BERNARD SHAW'S

long-awaited pronouncement on Osteopathy entitled,
"What is to be done with the Doctors?"

etc., etc., etc.

Excess Profits

By Raymond Radclyffe

When the war began we all racked our brains to discover means whereby the cost could be financed. We were staggered when Mr. Asquith told us that we were spending a million a day. Such a sum seemed stupendous. To-day we are spending six millions, and no one turns a hair. In the panic-stricken condition which accompanied the first year of the war we clutched at any method of raising money. We determined with Spartan heroism that we would pay a portion of the expense at least each year. We now have an income tax at 5*s*. in the pound, and an excess profits tax of 60 per cent. The two taxes have produced £344,953,000 for the year ended March 31st. This splendid contribution towards the cost of the war warms our hearts, and we think how brave we are.

The Budget is now coming on, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be asked—and indeed already has been asked—to increase the excess profits tax. The working man thinks that he is getting his own back if he hears that all the great capitalists have been compelled to disgorge 60 per cent. of their ill-gotten gains. He asks, Why stop at 60 per cent.? Why not make the tax 70 per cent., or even 80 per cent.? And some extremists would go so far as to annex for the benefit of the State the whole of the profits made in excess of the pre-war standard. The bloated capitalist laughs in his sleeve and says, "Put on any tax you like. I don't care. I don't pay it. You pay it, you poor deluded workman ignorant of political economy." Prices have been rising steadily month by month ever since war began. The purchasing power of the pound sterling has dwindled till to-day a one-pound Treasury note has deteriorated 9*s*. The diminishing purchasing power is due partly to the fabulous increase in paper credit, seen in the largely increased bank deposits, which mount up each year many hundred millions, partly to the increased taxa-

tion which, as traders can't and won't work at a loss, must be added to the cost of the goods they sell.

That traders do add taxes to the cost of the goods can be readily seen in the annual reports of the thousand and one limited companies which appear every year. If these companies struck their balances before adding the excess profits tax we should perhaps not be able to point the moral, but they don't. Almost all give net profits after deducting the tax, and also after deducting income tax, the only exception being persecuted rubber companies, who invariably give the gross profits and fight for the tax. *The Economist* publishes each quarter an analysis of the reports issued during that quarter. They do not include railways, mines, insurance companies, or banks, but such omissions do not interest us, because railways are now run by the State under an agreement. Mines are foreign businesses very unjustly taxed, as they are vanishing assets. Banks we all know are doing splendidly. Insurance companies we hope are doing well, though some of us are a little anxious. But practically all other companies are included. Now, what do we find? Nine hundred and thirty-three companies made £61,070,697 in 1912, £70,510,414 in 1913. In this last, the pre-war year, the companies made 11·7 per cent. on their capital. In 1914 there was no excess profits tax, and the first seven months were months of peace, low prices in rubber, iron, and steel; and the last five were months of collapse in money markets, some panic and falling prices. Yet net profits in 909 companies included in the tables of *The Economist* were £69,684,531, an increase of 0·9 per cent. on the same companies in 1913. If we take 1915 we find that 928 companies made £66,926,983, a decrease of 3·2 per cent., but the companies made 10·2 per cent. on their capital. We now come to 1916, in which year the 60 per cent. excess profits tax was in full working order, and the 5*s.* income tax also doing its best. Have the companies been injured? Not a bit of it. They have never done so well. Nine hundred and thirty-two companies made £86,587,823, an increase of 28·6 per cent. over the profits made by the same companies in 1915. These companies made 13·2 per cent. on their capital. Here we have a splendid example of how the excess profits tax works. Every manufacturer has made more money than he ever

made before, and *has made it after paying all the preposterous taxes.*

What do we need taxes for? We need them to pay the cost of our Government Departments, to pay interest on our National Debt. But we don't want to pay the cost of the war out of our annual taxation, and, above all, we don't want our cost of living and winning the war to be fabulously increased by fantastic taxes which are so heavy that no one, however poor, can afford to leave them out of the reckoning. The rich never forget taxes—they can't—but in days of peace poor people and the lower middle-class are apt to forget them. The excess profits tax is like a snowball. The shell-maker adds 60 per cent. to cost of making and usually another 10 per cent. for himself. He has to pay the iron or steel maker 60 or 70 per cent. more for the steel, and each separate item in his bill of costs is added to by the tax. Now we see why the cost of the war has jumped by millions to its present figure. It was forced up by the Government taxation which has been placed upon all industries and nearly all people.

Provision shops have had to pay more for provisions, and workmen find the cost of living higher, and demand higher wages, which again increases the cost of goods they make. Yet the snowball goes on rolling, and when the Budget comes along we may find the excess profits tax raised to 75 per cent., which will automatically raise the whole cost of the war 15 per cent. Nay, it will do more, for it will raise the cost of the workman's food, and this means discontent, strikes, and then higher wages.

We must once again take our courage in our hands. We were brave when we all demanded an excess profits tax which should stop profiteering. We must be equally brave in admitting our mistake and cutting it off altogether. It was a hideous blunder, and has acted in a manner none of us foresaw. This the figures I have given prove pretty conclusively.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN. By JAMES JOYCE. Egoist, Ltd.

A new writer, a new form; another Irishman, in short, with a bit of genius and a mission. At first one hesitates; we seem to be back in baby-land, and there is a little too much about smells. But soon interest quickens, and then we find an atmosphere which grows, even as the young artist brought up in the Catholic school centre emancipates himself into intellectual freedom. As a study of Catholic Irish education this is a work to read, but it also has beautiful moments, and reveals a subtle observation fresh and lovable, if occasionally somewhat jerky. This fragmentary characteristic makes it rather difficult to read; indeed, the patchiness of form tends to obscure the inherent seriousness of thought. All the same, in Mr. Joyce we have a new man of letters, and if the author is a young man he ought to produce much good work. For unquestionably he is a power intellectually. He has something to say, something quite peculiarly aromatic. And so once more Ireland has given us a writer, a man of a soul and what seems to be a talent original and elusively stimulating, with a fine Irish veracity.

THE GEISHA GIRL. By T. FUJIMOTO. T. Werner Laurie. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

The curious, almost Babu, English of this book gives an exotic charm to a thoroughly exotic subject, and the photographs from life and from drawings by some of the great Japanese artists add very considerably to its interest. The author evidently understands his subject with comprehensive thoroughness, and he gives us some confidences gathered from famous members of Geishadom—as to their likes and dislikes among men. These revelations, given in a separate section, go nearer to the heart of the subject than anything else in the book; for the author has not quite

grasped the Western attitude of mind towards a piquant subject, and with great profusion of information neglects to give us a psychological, or even a sociological, picture of the Geisha Girl. We learn that Geishas, as such, are an eighteenth-century idea, although they had forerunners under another name in earlier days. We learn how they are trained in song and dance, and how they dress and behave, how highly they are valued, even making the fame and fortune of geisha houses. We also gather an infinity of little pathetic love tales, suicides, folk-lore, and ghost-lore, but there is a lack of the sort of information which European curiosity would like. In short, Mr. Fujimoto has written a book about Geishas from the Japanese standpoint, an aspect which assumes a knowledge of Far Eastern manners and modes of thought, so these charming ladies remain as great a mystery in essence to the Westerner after reading this book as they were before.

FICTION

THE TERROR. A Fantasy. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Duckworth and Co. 1s.

This is the most daring and ingenious thing that the war has yet inspired. One of the characters says: "The secret of the Terror might be condensed into a sentence: the animals had revolted against men." Mr. Machen imagines such a state of affairs and narrates a grimly fascinating tale—a tale which it is impossible to leave off reading. There are in it sudden deaths, dark clouds with eyes of fire that come in the night, a murderous rooster, and sheep that turn upon men and kill them. All is told with so much plausibility that we wonder how much is true, how much is possible, and how much has actually happened. *The Terror* is a fine performance.

SOCIAL.

THE MASTER PROBLEM. By JAMES MARCHANT. Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.

Mr. Marchant deals with the social evil from all sides. Into nearly four hundred pages he has gathered a mass of

painful information, which is sure to come as a shock to such of the clergy as confine their reform to the delivery of addresses at fashionable tea-parties. Here is testimony, grim and awful, which makes us wonder what the religious teachers of the world have been aiming at. Mr. Marchant has wisely written his book in popular English; he does not overstate his case; he convinces the reader without getting into hysterics.

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